



THE **AIMM** MESSENGER

AFRICA INTER-MENNONITE MISSION, INC.



Missionary Retreat lakeside vesper. See page 5 for commentary.

**SPECIAL: Missionaries' Retreat
THAT PINEAPPLE
NEW FIELDS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA**

Winter Issue 1975

THE AIMM MESSENGER

Winter 1975

Volume XLII Number 3

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IN THIS ISSUE...

On September 1, 1974, Rev. Reuben Short terminated eleven years of careful and able leadership as Executive Secretary of the Africa Inter-Mennonite Mission. The eleven years of his tenure marked some historic happenings for the country of Zaire, for the Zaire Mennonite Church and the AIMM Board. It is only appropriate that this issue of the AIMM MESSENGER should in a special way call attention to Reuben and Kathryn Short and their devoted service during the past decade. You will want to read Reuben's intriguing article of retrospect.

In years past, the traditional highlight of the missionary year was always the annual conference. For many this was the single opportunity of the year for all to see each other and to fellowship together around God's Word. After the coming of political independence to Zaire, these missionary gatherings were held much less frequently. As a matter of fact, the last one was held in 1970. It was therefore with special anticipation that our missionaries responded to the opportunity given them by the AIMM Board to gather at Lake Munkamba in the Southern Kasai in Zaire this past summer for a week of relaxation and fellowship with each other and with the Lord. Numerous observations and expressions of missionary appreciation are contained in this issue.

There has been considerable missionary travel since you received your last issue of the MESSENGER. Some have returned to Zaire; a new couple has gone to the Kingdom of Lesotho; still another couple has gone to Botswana to investigate requests for Biblical training ministry that have come to us from the leadership of some independent African churches. More information follows in this copy of the MESSENGER.

Sue Barkman, the AIMM office secretary, has written a thought-provoking article for the ladies' section dealing with appropriate dress styles. You'll not want to miss it.

Stapled into the center fold of this magazine you will find a *one-sheet questionnaire*. We seek your help in planning a new format for the AIMM MESSENGER. We want this publication to meet your interests and needs. Details are on the back cover.

We received frequent requests at the AIMM office for information concerning the activities and location of our missionary staff. This MESSENGER brings you an updated complete list of missionary addresses. —J.B.



That Pineapple

by Reuben Short

Vernon Sprunger and I waited in line with the rest of them. The line wasn't very long, about a half dozen customers, but each took considerable time. People were making reservations and purchasing tickets for air travel. Most were destined for some city in Zaire.

While waiting we lost no time reviewing affairs about the church. There was lots to talk about. We had just completed a round of visits to the church centers. I was trying to develop a mental image, and as accurate as possible an evaluation of the work.

The line moved slowly — seemed like we moved inches within about two hours. But then, we were next in line behind a lone traveller. Both the traveller and the travel agent were African. Then it happened. I have thought about it often since. The window was closed in front of us. The agent went back to his desk, conspicuous to the public, and began cutting up and eating a juicy pineapple brought in by an aide. We waited for about an hour. There was still no move to open the window for business. After all, it was noon and time not only for lunch but a rest.

Yes, you are thinking correctly. I admit to simmering on the back burner. At least for a short time when after waiting so long in line, the window was closed right when I was next to be served. Did that pineapple have to be carved at that precise moment? After all, it wasn't cooked to be eaten hot.

Yes, I think it was providential. The Lord spoke and has spoken since by that incident.

First of all, it spared my life. During the brief simmering period I became disinterested in making the trip to Stanleyville (now Kisangani). At the moment I didn't know why. But about three days later it was clear. The plane on which I anticipated going went as scheduled but was the last flight in or out of Stanleyville airport from August to December. Stanleyville fell into rebel hands. Violence prevailed, political leaders were killed, missionaries threatened and some killed. It was the time of the killing of missionary Dr. Paul Carlson. It is very possible I would never have escaped, and if so, I would have been a wearying burden to the Melvin Loewens who too were threatened and had to escape via the Johnson airlift after about five months of harassment. What a pineapple!

Secondly, it provided a lesson I will never forget. Discrimination took on new meaning for me. I had never before been left standing in line, at least not by an African. I was getting hungry too, and I thought my business was urgent! That was back in August of 1964. The developments and events after that carry the flavor of that experience.

We westerners had to think and live differently. The afterglow of paternalism had to be darkened. While evangelism in Zaire remained an urgency with priority, independent development was recognized as a right and deserved support. Aid needed to be geared to development. It must also be development "African style."

Groundwork for what was about to happen had been laid by the early missionaries. The gospel was planted, illiteracy was supplanted by founding primary and

Continued on page 7

AFTER FOUR YEARS, *Another Missionary Retreat . . .*



Missionaries in dialogue with Zairian Church Leaders.

Prior to 1960, the highlight of the missionary's year was that annual gathering when all personnel came together for the transaction of business, Bible study, prayer, fellowship and relaxation.

The 1960's saw the Zairian Mennonite Church move steadily toward its own autonomy. As African church leaders assumed increased responsibility for the activity and program of their own church, the annual assembly of the African church to which some missionaries were also delegates, became more and more the focus of attention and planning.

But if there was no longer official reason for missionaries to gather, longing for those annual occasions of fellowship and spiritual refreshment still remained. Thus it is that efforts have been made, now and again since 1960, to organize a missionary retreat. The last one was held at Nyanga station in the summer of 1970. Due to problems of travel, schedule and finances, succeeding years slipped by without a gathering.

Thanks to the encouragement of the AIMM Board and a special Board grant which made extensive travel possible, the summer of 1974 marked another missionary retreat at Lake Munkamba, a spring-fed lake in the savanna area of the South Kasai of Zaire.

Although this reporting comes to you a bit delayed (due to a skipped number of the AIMM MESSENGER in the transition between editors) we still want to share with you, our supporting readers, some of the expressions of missionary appreciation and delight that have come to our office since that gathering.

Expressions of appreciation from Missionary letters

The Lord led and undertook in all circumstances. Each missionary arrived safely without much hassle. There were some anxious moments like when five ladies and their suitcases were stranded at Kananga airport because of the late hour for a second MAF shuttle flight to the lake. As we contemplated what to do, the Methodist pilot landed with his plane. He was expected the following day but the Lord directed him to Kananga that day and hour. Harold, the pilot, opened the door of his Piper and said: "It looks like you need to move some people; can I help?" We gave him a big hug and the ladies were soon in the plane and at Lake Munkamba for the evening meal.

For some people, missionary retreat meant gathering all the children, a supply of food for eighty people, guitars and song books; and for all it meant gathering blankets, clothing, Bibles and being on time for the truck or plane schedule to Lake Munkamba where a week of activity and relaxation awaited everyone. It was also a time of learning and sharing as Rev. Milo Nussbaum, our main speaker, spoke on the theme, "Know Christ and Make Him Known."

Like other new missionaries, it was my first retreat. It was good to meet those from the different Mennonite stations that were once to me just names and pictured faces in the MESSENGER. It was interesting to see many who were wearing African cloth; some couples had matching outfits of Zairian material.

The Coleman pressure lamps seemed to add atmosphere to our last service which was a praise and thanksgiving time completed by a communion service. We truly are many members but all in the same body for the glory of God. It was a beautiful climax to our retreat.

Pastor Milo was much appreciated. His glow for the Lord and His Word was refreshing. His interest in each of us was a soothing force. Many anxieties were left at the lake and most people left in peace. The long term practice of AIMM fellowship, cooperation and oneness emerged to the surface once again. It was a great experience.

Retreat was a real blessing. I can't begin to explain the starvation of the soul that is too sparingly fed. It is no one's fault. I have no complaints about the missionaries. No doubt I didn't always take the time I should have to feed my soul. I have found real help in books and the Bible of course, but my soul continues to clamor for more.

Today we returned from the retreat. It has been an experience we will treasure for a long time. The messages brought by Brother Milo Nussbaum could not have been more meaningful and helpful. The program, transportation and food were extremely well planned. We thank the home board for providing this retreat for the missionary family. We realize that it meant a great expenditure of money. We believe it was worthwhile as it has truly met a need in our lives. Thank you for recognizing and meeting our needs in this way.

**Retreat "Rap"
Session for MKs.**



A Zairian Pastor Comments . . .

Pastor Mukanza Ilunga and Mr. Ilunga Musasa (ex-Robert) attended the retreat with their wives and families as delegates from the African Church. These men were very helpful in our discussions and their presence was needed and appreciated. When questioned as to his reactions to and impressions of the missionary gathering, Pastor Mukanza summarized his observations as follows:

- It was a time of fellowship among co-workers,
- It was a time of spiritual refreshment,
- It was an occasion to observe our missionaries relax, play and worship in their American tradition,
- We as Zairians were made to feel one with them,
- We thank the AIMM for making our travel to the retreat possible. We also thank the administration of our church for choosing us to be their representatives,
- It is good that we were invited to share in this retreat. We have been witnesses of all that has transpired. We can now better understand the reason for such retreats and interpret them to our fellow Zairians.

That Pineapple (continued from page 4)

secondary schools. The church was founded and was taking form. It was time to not only maintain what had been achieved but to build on it. Schools of higher learning were required to meet the growing society. Professional training on a higher level was instituted. Transfers of authority and leadership were implemented; development programs in the hands of Africans were begun. The church was fused and national efforts are in process to unify the Protestant witness. Efforts have been both successes and failures. The net result has been progress backed by African culture experience and supported by mission from the West. In general, we feel good with what has taken place while at the same time recognizing there is an unfinished task.

The unfinished task is difficult to define. Who knows the movement of the Holy Spirit for the future? Whatever it may be, I firmly believe that AIMM is a vehicle of God's choosing and deserves our most careful and prayerful concern. The church in Africa founded by AIMM earnestly desires and expects continued assistance from the West. The forms of help will need to be determined according to developments and current need. What God has begun and is sustaining among us is fascinating and challenging. I vote to see it to the end. Thank you for letting me share in the process.

Oh, yes, the pineapple! Sometimes I wish I could forget it but it always comes back. It should!

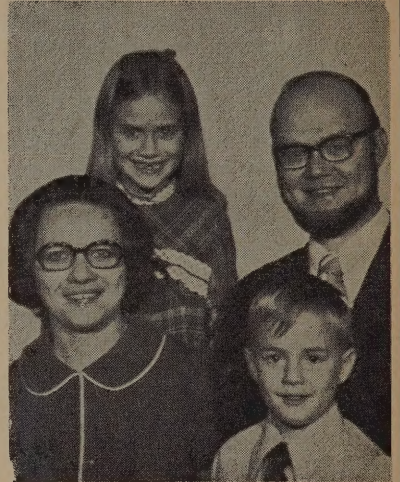
AIMM Investigates New Field

TO LESOTHO--

Bob, Joyce, John, Barbara Gerhart

Among the avenues of service that have opened to AIMM in Lesotho through the exploratory work of Allen and Marabeth Busenitz has been the United Church of Maseru, the capital of this little mountainous Kingdom in Southern Africa.

A congregation founded some years ago by the expatriate group of the city, it had in recent times not been able to secure full-time pastoral leadership. After becoming acquainted with the Busenitzes, the church board made formal request to the AIMM Board for a qualified, experienced pastor to provide them the leadership and spiritual nurture they sought.



As this plea was made known, *Rev. and Mrs. Robert Gerhart* responded to the challenge. After he finished his seminary training, Bob and family have served pastorates in Pennsylvania and California. An artist as well as an able speaker, Bob brings a variety of talents to this new and unique assignment. Our prayers and best wishes are with them as they seek to lead this church into broader and more effective ministry and witness among the Basotho and expatriates alike.

TO BOTSWANA--

Ed and Irene Weaver

A phenomenon of Africa is the independent church. Born of the encounter between the Christian faith and the African culture, independent churches by this time number in the thousands across Africa south of the Sahara. Some resemble very closely the mission established

churches from which they've sprung. Others carry a heavy loading of values, practices and beliefs taken directly from their traditional cultures. All share a common fundamental trait: the effort to integrate Christian Scripture and Faith with African beliefs and traditions.

QUESTIONNAIRE

I. PERSONAL INFORMATION

My age: ___ under 20 ___ between 40-60
 ___ between 20-40 ___ over 60

I attend: ___ a General Conference Church
 ___ an Evangelical Mennonite Brethren Church
 ___ an Evangelical Mennonite Church (EMC)

 a _____ Church

I am a: ___ farmer
 ___ professional person
 ___ student
 ___ employee
 ___ retiree

I am interested in AIMM because:

 ___ I know some of the missionaries personally.
 ___ I've visited a mission field.
 ___ My church supports the AIMM.

Other: _____

II. EVALUATION OF THE "AIMM MESSENGER" IN ITS PRESENT FORM

In our home the MESSENGER is:

 ___ carefully read all the time.
 ___ casually read
 ___ scanned
 ___ rarely looked at
 ___ kept for reference
 ___ discarded

As a means of promoting the interests of the AIMM, I would rate the MESSENGER as being:

 ___ very good ___ average
 ___ good ___ poor

III. QUESTIONS ABOUT FORMAT

___ I feel that the present format is adequate.
___ I feel the present format could be improved by:
 ___ different page size
 ___ larger type size
 ___ wider margins
 ___ some art work
 ___ some use of color
 ___ more pictures

Other Suggestions: _____

In Southern Africa



Relations between independent churches and old line mission established churches are typically cool if not strained. Consequently it is uncommon to find independent church leaders benefitting from the established pastoral training centers of their areas. There is a resultant dearth of adequately trained leadership among these churches. It is therefore not surprising that a cry for Biblical training is heard in many places. One such cry from a large group in Botswana has been addressed to the AIMM.

After a favorable report made by a delegation which visited Botswana in June of 1974, the AIMM Board decided to respond. A search was begun to find a couple with pastoral/teaching experience in an African context and, if possible, one that had already had experience with African independent churches.

Rev. and Mrs. Edwin Weaver encompass all of these qualifications in a remarkable manner. They started their missionary career by serving twenty-two years in India under the auspices of the Mennonite Board of Missions of Elkhart, Indiana, in the areas of evangelism and church planting. After this they were reassigned by the same Board to West Africa where during a period of ten years they had their initial experience in ministering to African independent churches. Returning to the States they were asked in 1973 to make a survey study of independent churches in Swaziland for the Eastern Mennonite Board of Missions of Salunga, Pennsylvania.

Although being of retirement age they are in good health, young in spirit and have responded yet once again to an invitation to serve. This time it is to be with the AIMM to undertake an exploratory term of one to two years among the independent churches of Botswana.

AIMM is fortunate to be able to secure the services of these gifted and seasoned servants of Christ. Together with Ed and Irene, we look to the Lord for clear guidance as we explore this potential area of new service and witness on the African continent.



BACK TO ZAIRE. . .

Glenn and Ina Rocke went to Central Africa for the first time in 1946 at which time they were assigned to Charlesville Station, now known as Djoko Punda, where they were introduced to the Tshiluba language and the multiple activities of a large mission station.

Born into farm families, they early had acquired some of the rural "know-how" which has served them so well for the itinerating bush ministry to which the Zaire Church has again called them.

With Banga Station as their headquarters, they will spend at least half of their time travelling with Zairian pastors and evangelists helping to conduct series of Bible studies for both men and women in regional church centers. While Glenn frequently lays lesson notes aside to pick up hammer and saw, Ina devotes much time to lessons on health concerns and child care.

They left JFK airport on January 3 for another term of witness in that land of great potential. Our prayers and best wishes accompany them.

Albert and Annie Drudge give Stouffville, Ontario, as their home address. They first came to Nyanga station in 1971 as voluntary service personnel under MCC sponsorship.

Although quiet spoken and unobtrusive in manner, they very quickly endeared themselves to Nyanga folk, Zairian and missionary alike, by their quick readiness to serve in all manner of helpful ways. Annie, in her apron, quickly made her reputation for delicious cookies, an ever-ready cup of coffee and her instant availability as a babysitter. Word soon got around that if anything would not run, or fit, or function or move as it was supposed to, Albert was a master "fixer." But not only could Albert fix what was; he could also make what wasn't! This was richly demonstrated by the dam, waterwheel and pump he designed and installed down the hill from the station to supply water twenty-four hours a day to the large station and all its departments.

Small wonder, then, that the Drudges were welcomed with open arms by all as they returned for a second term of voluntary service shortly before the holidays. This term they are jointly sponsored by the AIMM and MCC.

Are You Properly Dressed? (continued from page 12)

A year or so ago a motorcycle policeman bought a bullet-proof vest for fifty dollars and since that time he has been wearing the vest under his uniform whenever on duty. It happened that a month or so after purchasing the vest, an irate motorist shot the officer with a pistol as he was writing out a citation. The officer suffered only a chest bruise. The local sheriff's department is considering buying such vests for all their officers. Up until the present, flak vests have been carried by the policemen in their cars. But one detective observed: "Just about every time we've been involved in a situation of violence there's been no time to suit up."

Put on your Christian outfit of protective garments; you won't have time to suit up in case of sudden attack.

The immediate forecast calls for a flurry of lies, the dampening rain of sinful attitudes, the stinging sleet of worry, every wind of doctrine and a killer tornado of neglect bringing devastating destruction.

Are you properly dressed?

Are you Properly Dressed?

by Sue Barkman

According to figures released by the U.S. Department of Commerce, women's apparel and accessory shops did some \$8,386 million dollars' worth of business in 1972 (and the following years certainly would appear to be even higher.) That is a lot of money being spent for something that will soon wear out and fade with age.

Take a look at your wardrobe—there are probably a lot of garments that are worn out, faded, torn or just plain boring to you. How about these dirty filthy garments there in back that need to be discarded . . . anger, hatred, malice, gossipy language or lying? Paul told the Christians at Colossae that they needed to "put off" these garments and "put on" certain garments becoming to a Christian.

Do you see in your Spiritual closet any of the garments that comprise a Christian woman's wardrobe? In Ephesians Paul also talks about a set of garments every Christian needs to be wearing all the time, yet how often are we caught without them?

"buckle on the belt of truth. . ."

Who can define 'truth'? Especially in this age of "white lies," "distortions," "half truths" and often out-and-out lies! Jesus said, "I am Truth." His Word is Truth! With His Word encircled about us, girding us, we can become much more attuned to discerning truth from error. Get to know Jesus Christ personally in a real way to know THE Truth.

Is your belt buckled?

"... for coat . . . put on integrity . . ."

Integrity? How can I as a housewife, mother, office worker, clerk, secretary, display integrity? I never run into situations where it is necessary!

Looking closer at the word used in the paraphrase it has several definitions as per Webster, but the two that stick out indicate that integrity is, "... the quality or state of being complete; firm adherence to moral values. . . ."

Moral values are certainly no problem for me . . . I'm a pastor's wife, I'm a Christian worker, I'm a Sunday school teacher . . . — but are you COMPLETE?

Are you complete in Christ? Are you growing toward Christian maturation (or completeness)? Maybe it is not possible to attain everything we should in Christ, but have you stopped striving for completeness? Accepting Christ as Saviour needs to be supplemented by accepting Him as Lord of our life. Can you possibly grow to completeness in Christ while spending most of the afternoon hours pondering the TV stories; gossiping (just a little!) with the girls over coffee; brooding over an insult; being resentful

over misplaced credit for a project? Are you striving for completeness . . .

. . . Maybe you have put on the coat . . . but is it buttoned?

" . . . let the shoes on your feet be the gospel of peace . . . "

How we women love shoes! Our closets are brimming over with black ones, brown ones, red ones, blue ones — boots for winter, sandals for summer. What we are wearing often is 'made' by the shoes that go with the outfit. Certainly we would never think of wearing dirty tennis shoes to a banquet with a long formal gown nor would we want to be caught wearing white, airy sandals on a cold blizzard day with all the winter trappings of hats, overcoats, woolen scarves and the like! Silly you say? Of course . . . it is just as silly to think we can put on the belt of truth; coat of integrity and then not wear the proper shoes with it! Are you striving to be a peacemaker or a conqueror?! Is your home a place where peace reigns because the Prince of Peace reigns in you? Do you strive to be the peacemaker in a troublesome situation rather than the troublemaker?

Do your shoes match your outfit today . . . bringing peace to others . . . or are they being used for stepping on toes or kicking?

" . . . take up the great shield of faith . . . "

How often have you been caught on a stormy day without an umbrella? No one needs to ask what happened. Our spiritual outfit for the day needs to have this shield of faith with us always. As soon as it is laid aside for a brief moment you are subject to attack from the evil one. Is worry one of your problems? If you had your shield of faith in place would there be any place that worry could possibly penetrate? Worry poisons a life and renders it ineffective; it is the parent of many sins and miseries.

Say . . . do you have your umbrella with you - it looks stormy!

" . . . take the helmet of salvation . . . "

The wind is blowing so hard . . . this wasn't in the forecast for today, and no, not rain too! My scarf is still in my dresser drawer at home, I can imagine what a mess my hair will be by the time I get to the office!

Salvation—deliverance from the power and effects of sin by Jesus Christ! Just as the rain and wind can wreak havoc with my hairdo — the continual habit of sin and its dire effects can wreak great havoc of a life not covered with the helmet of salvation.

Oh . . . don't forget your scarf; it looks windy!

" . . . you will need the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God . . . "

Yes, I know crime is rampant in our streets today, it is ridiculous to think I would go around without some precaution for my safety. Criminals lurk everywhere hiding in dark alleys, side streets - ready to spring on the unsuspecting one. Modern Technology has devised small pieces of jewelry that camouflage a spray of blinding gas or an alarm which can be used in the event of a criminal attack. The whole drawback of these devices is that the ladies who buy them often have them in their handbag or in the depths of a coat pocket where it is often impossible to reach into when it is needed in an instant.

When you are attacked by doubts, mockers of the faith, un-Godly attitudes, do you have something for use in defending your faith? Don't try to defend yourself with that dull instrument of argument; you'll get nowhere in a battle of wits. Use the sharp sword of the Word! In order for it to be effective it needs to be part of you and your "outfit" - not tucked away in an inaccessible place.

Beware . . . the dark streets are full of attackers who are waiting to pounce—be prepared with your defense.

Continued on page 10

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Excuse Us Please, Would You Spare us a Bit of Time and a Dime?

We sometimes come to you to ask for financial support.

We frequently come to you with prayer requests.

This time we are asking for something different; we are requesting five minutes of your time and a dime's worth of U.S. (or Canadian) Postage!

You may have noticed that we skipped one issue of the AIMM MESSENGER, the Fall Issue of 1974. This was done to allow time for a bit of checking with friends and printers as to the interest in and possibilities for a changed format for the MESSENGER.

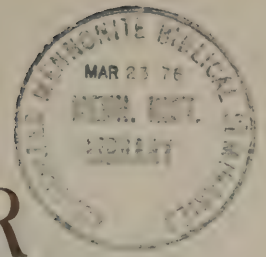
By this time we have some ideas but we want to know how you feel about your AIMM Quarterly as well. It is printed and mailed to you because we want to inform and challenge you and give you opportunity to share with us in our joys and concerns, our victories and our problems.

But to inform and challenge you effectively, we need to know what sort of information is most helpful for you and most interesting to you.

In the center fold of this issue of the MESSENGER is stapled a one-sheet questionnaire. It will take no more than five minutes of your time to fill in. It will take no more than a ten-cent stamp (or eight-cent for our Canadian friends) to mail back to us. We would very much appreciate both the time and the dime!

And thanks a lot for helping us to help you.

—Your AIMM Office Staff.

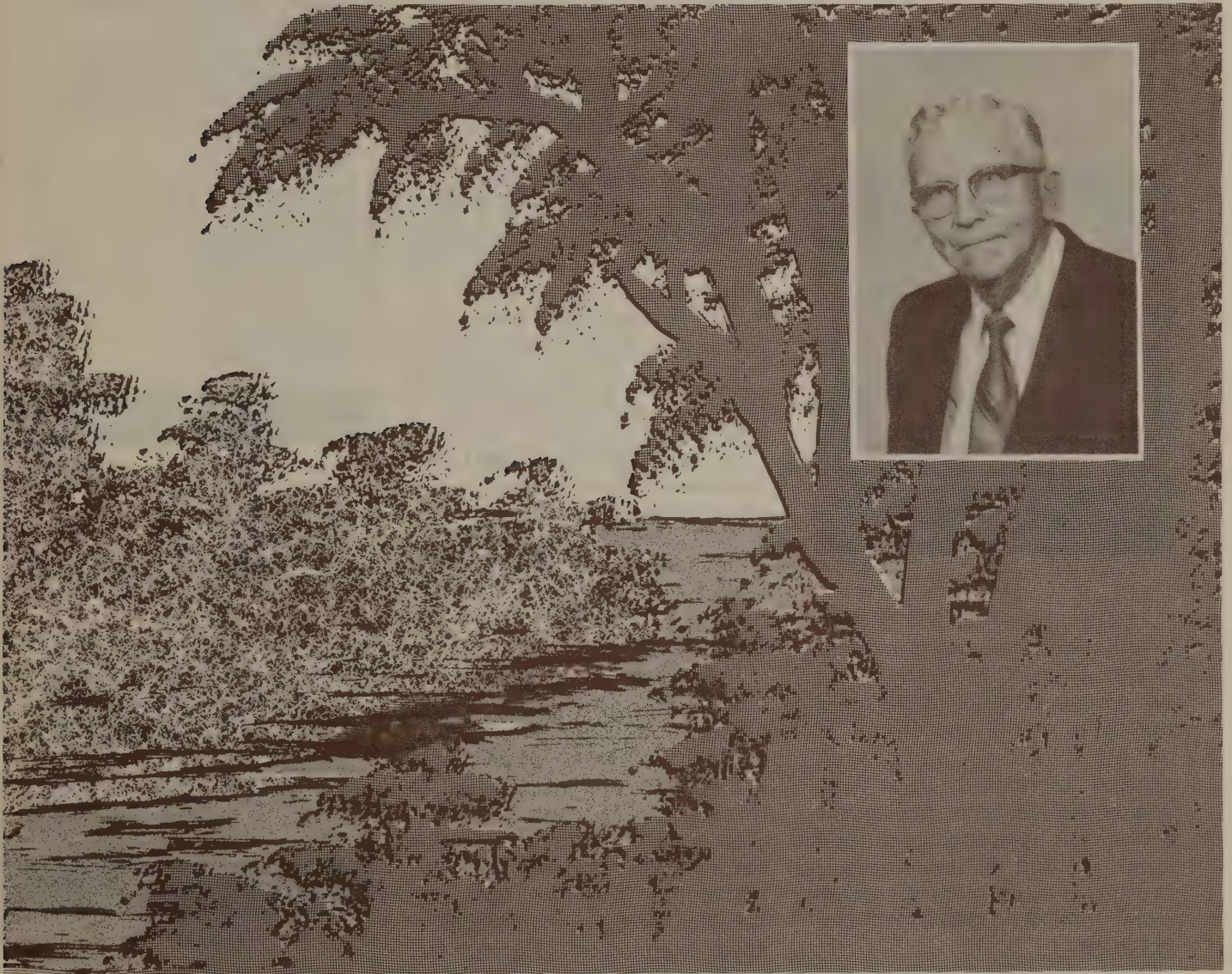


The **AIMM** MESSENGER

Vol. XLIII No. 3

Spring 1976

Africa Inter-Mennonite Mission, Inc.



Moratorium? On What?

In This Issue . . .



In This Issue you will be seeing the word **moratorium** mentioned often. One of the exact definitions Webster offers us is that it is "...the suspension of activity." With all the talk concerning moratorium we were wondering just what this meant for us. We have concluded, as I know you will by the time you finish this issue, with the question "**MORATORIUM? ON WHAT?**"

James Bertsche is showing us the alternative to moratorium in his article. He is showing us a person, who by his very life defied the idea or philosophy of moratorium. Tracing some of the steps of the lives of Frank and

Agnes Enns, he shows two very human people, who were used greatly to accomplish God's purposes in the early Belgian Congo.

Pastor Mukanza Ilunga echoes Bertsche's sentiments in his article when he declares that "...for a missionary like Frank Enns, who was willing to serve His God all the time, the question of role or moratorium had no importance."

Since coming to Elkhart last summer, Pastor Mukanza has since been joined by his lovely wife, Mbongela and their two youngest children. Mbongela is talking especially to the ladies on page 13. I know you'll want to meet her there.

In looking through some of the older files here in the AIMM office, we came across a diary of an itinerary made by Frank Enns in 1942. We are sharing part of this with you as a special feature.

Many thanks to Dr. Hector Valencia for our guest editorial. He is the Secretary for Latin America for the General Conference Mennonite Church. Dr. Valencia is from Colombia, South America and has worked for over thirty years in the field of Christian Education. He has helped us sum up the theme of this issue by putting moratorium in small letters.

—SFB

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Critics of missions have never been hard to come by. There have always been those who have been quick to question the underlying theology and assumptions of missions. There have also been those who were quick to criticize various aspects of mission philosophy and practice. And there have always been those who've been quick to decry the socio-cultural changes that have come about in the life and experience of people in other lands as a result of the ministry and influence of the missionary.

Moratorium? On What?

James Bertsche

The right to probe and criticize is readily granted. It is furthermore granted that there has often been legitimate reason to raise questions. Missionaries are human messengers with their share of human frailties. Missionaries are very much earthen vessels with their share of blemishes. Missionaries are subject to errors of judgment and sins of the Spirit as are all their fellowmen regardless of their profession or address. Missionaries are continually in need of that divine touch which corrects, purifies, enables and guides.

But having said all of this, let something else once and for all be said: *God has used a wide range of human servants to accomplish His purposes across the ages and around the world.* There are those messengers who have been gathered up from distant and improbable places and who have under Divine guidance been set down in even more improbable places to become the instruments of His purpose and His peace. In that process they have won the respect and love of the people among whom they served. In their passing they have not only left a memory that is blessed among those whose lives they touched, they have also left an emerging, autonomous church which is, in truth, the body of Christ.

Of this number was Frank J. Enns.

Born in 1895 on a Kansas wheat farm, he grew up experiencing the disciplines of farm life and labor. The thriftiness and deep commitment to church and faith which characterized that community became an early shaping part of his environment.

Young Frank was baptized on June 14, 1914 upon a confession of faith and was taken into the fellowship of the Bethel Mennonite Church of Inman, Kansas where he remained a member until his death in 1975.

August to December 1918 found him in Camp Funston, Kansas where he was sent as a Conscientious Objector as the First World War drew to a close. Upon being discharged, Frank spent a year in Chicago where he took courses at Northern Baptist Seminary and also did practical work in a Mennonite Mission in the city under the direction of Rev. G. P. Schultz.

In the course of this year he had occasion to hear Rev. and Mrs. John P. Barkman give a furlough report about a Mennonite-sponsored work in the Congo. Of that experience Frank later remarked:

"I was much taken in. Leaving the meeting a friend and I talked of what we had heard and each expressed the desire to become a missionary to Africa. This desire grew into a conviction. I wrote to Rev. Schultz about this. He wrote back, 'I believe the Lord has put Africa on your heart and to Africa you will go. Bless the Lord.' "

After his training in Chicago, Frank taught in Kansas public schools for three years, after which he continued his studies at Bethel College.

When Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Barkman returned the following year for a furlough, they visited



"Through his initiative and leadership three different tribal groups were drawn into the life and activity of the district church program across the deeply entrenched traditional barriers which existed."

the Inman, Kansas area. Frank recalls:

"I had had some correspondence with Mr. Barkman and on his next furlough he came to our community. Before he found me he had told some of my folks that he was going to take me along to Africa next year...and he did. Knowing what went before, you will agree that it did not take much persuasion."

It was also during this period in his life that Frank Enns courted Miss Agnes Neufeld who was born in the same community and was also a member of his home church. She had already come to her own deep faith and personal commitment to the Lord's purpose for her life. Having already felt the Lord's call to mission service, the proposal for marriage and service in Africa under Congo Inland Mission did not necessitate long deliberation!

Their wedding day was June 11, 1926 with departure for Africa set in October of the same year. They travelled as

bride and groom to begin what was to be an extraordinary missionary career.

Nyanga Station, to which they were assigned, and the Nyanga Church of which they were to become such an integral part, will always carry the imprint of their vision, their personality, their labour and their faith.

Early in his ministry, Uncle Frank, (as he came to be affectionately called by younger missionaries who followed him through the years) demonstrated characteristics for which he is remembered by coworkers, American and Zairian alike.

He Was Man of Vision

Arriving at Nyanga in December, 1926, he found three single lady missionaries, two of whom immediately left for furlough, and a handful of African Christians.

Water was not close by. Building supplies were not easily available. Response to their witness in surrounding villages had not been initially encouraging. Uncle Frank recalled:

"...another missionary talked of Nyanga station rather discouragingly as a small station out in the tall grass. In my heart I decided that we were going to take our stationing as of the Lord and make it a challenge to do the best for Him. Never for long have we lamented the fact that we were sent to Nyanga."

Uncle Frank's vision allowed him to see that Nyanga was not only well situated with regard to the population of the immediate area, but would one day be centrally located to a growing mission program in that part of Congo. He rallied support and enthusiasm and the decision was made to remain there.

Uncle Frank also manifested vision with regard to the planting and growth of the Zaire Church. Through his initiative and leadership, three different tribal groups, were drawn into the life

"He had the gift of affirming people and the gift of developing them into effective evangelists, lay leaders, Christian parents and churchmen."



and activity of the district church program — across the deeply entrenched traditional barriers which existed.

Younger missionaries were often startled to find themselves being gently prodded by Uncle Frank to rethink policy and program. Instead of championing and defending what was being done, he would invite suggestions and thoughtful criticism for, as it was his custom to say, "There is always room for improvement."

He Was A Man of Common Sense

While keeping long range goals clearly in view he had the knack for coming to grips with the nitty gritty details of life. He brought the farm know-how and the practicality of the Kansas plains to bear on daily Nyanga routine.

Early in his service he designed and built a home for himself and his family using field stone and a rich red dirt mortar. Water being a constant problem in dry season, a cistern was soon dug in his backyard into which rain water was funneled from the house roof during the rainy season.

Uncle Frank's practicality was demonstrated by the long lines of

*"Serving variously
they forged ahead
with joy in their ever-
widening ministry among
the Bapende folk and in the
broader program of the
mission."*



mango trees along the main road which not only lend beauty and shade to the station but also, in season, furnish nutritious fruit by the endless bushel to school children and any passer-by who cares to help himself. Scattered about elsewhere on the station are groves of palm nut trees which give welcome shade, and nuts, a source of vegetable oil much used in the African diet.

A species of African gum bush still grows behind the house he built. A twig, when broken off, oozes a white sticky substance which can serve, in emergency, as a glue. Report has it that

on more than one occasion Uncle Frank would come hurrying out the back door of his home to break off a twig to glue some last minute letters shut for the mail bag.

In the center of Nyanga Station stands the building which perhaps best symbolizes his concern and adaptive touch. The chapel stands, its walls thick and solid laid up with the same field stone and the same red mud mortar. The roof structure made of forest poles endures. The concave ceiling made of jointless bamboo poles tied with split rattan vine adds a final touch of rustic simplicity. The church benches though worn smooth on the upper surfaces, still reveal saw and axe marks to the exploratory finger on the undersides. Beside the front entrance to the church imbedded in the wall lays a handcast cement block which carries not the imprint, "First Mennonite Church-Nyanga" but rather "The Church of Christ of Congo-Nyanga, May 15, 1939."





"The Enns' were each installed on a kepy and were carried slowly on a long circuit about the station and the immediate area accompanied by people singing..."

He Was A Man Of Discipline

Sha'Yone ("Father of John" as he was always called by the local Bapende, in keeping with their custom of identifying a father and mother with their first born child) was a man whose word was respected. Pushing himself hard, he expected serious effort on the part of his co-labourers, white and black. Did a younger missionary turn up missing at an early morning chapel service? Sometime during the day Sha'Yone would probably turn up on that missionary's veranda to remind him that "...on this station, missionaries go to chapel!" The message was furthermore conveyed in a manner that left no impression that further discussion was in order.

Had a precious dry season barrel of water been wasted through carelessness? Had a garden been uprooted by pigs in the night because someone had neglected to mend a hole in the fence? Had an important letter failed to reach its destination in the expected time because of someone's irresponsibility? Had a church leader been careless in his personal life?

Those blue eyes would take on a flinty cast, the voice would raise a notch or

two and the culprit in question would very soon discover that he was in the presence of someone who was not only disturbed by what had happened, but someone who was bent on reckoning with the matter in a way that would linger in memory and serve as a deterrent to future lapses in responsibility.

He Was a Man of Commitment

The Enns' went to Africa the first time prepared for the "long haul." Sure of their calling, they early plunged body

and soul into the challenge of Nyanga area. Serving variously as builder, teacher, housewife, agronomist, cook, counsellor, parent, preacher, itinerant evangelist, student of Pende culture and tradition, church planter, strategist, they forged ahead with joy in their ever-widening ministry among the Bapende folk and in the broader program of the mission.

In due time they faced the issue that all long term missionaries face, that is, the matter of the continuing education of their children. Soon their son John, for whom they were named, was to be of college age. Kathy and Norma Ruth were not far behind. During furlough year the family wrestled with this problem. There were compelling reasons for planning to stay in the States for awhile to see their children at least well into their college years. But that would take time...several years. Back at Nyanga so much was pending, so many projects barely under way, so many people anxiously waiting for their return. It was finally decided that Mrs. Enns would stay at home with the three children and Mr. Enns would return to Congo alone. Thus a two and a half year period of separation began for them, a separation which though painful, seemed the only solution to meeting their dual responsibilities both to family and the young Nyanga church.

"Much credit is due to Senior Pastor Mazemba Pierre, my contemporary and co-labourer through the years at Nyanga..."

(FJE)



He Was a Man of Compassion

Without recognition of this trait, the tracing of Uncle Frank's personality would be incomplete. It was probably this side of his character which endeared him most to the Africans he worked with across the years. It was well known that any problem, however detailed, time consuming or complicated, could be taken to Sha'Yone and receive careful and sympathetic attention. It was known that he would enter into the joys and heartaches of those about him. He indeed did rejoice with those who rejoiced; he did indeed weep with those who wept...and that on many an occasion. He had the gift of affirming people and the gift of developing them into effective evangelists, lay leaders, Christian parents and churchmen.

But these are all evaluations shared by someone who was one of Uncle Frank's fellow missionaries. A question might with good reason be raised as to the objectivity of what has been said. We are, however, not limited to the voices of fellow missionaries. There have been eloquent expressions of respect and affection contributed by the Africans who knew him best, those among whom he lived and worked and served for thirty-seven years.

For instance, the community festivities which were planned with great love and care in 1960 as Frank and Agnes Enns were preparing to leave Nyanga for retirement in Kansas.

Plans were laid well in advance and people invited from near and far. When the day came there was much reminiscing, many speeches, much laughter and a retracing of the history of the work at Nyanga in which the Enns had played such a significant role. At one point, two bamboo "kepoys" were brought forward. (A kepoys is a bamboo frame on which a chair is fixed which was used in years past to carry people of note and honour or those in authority.) The Enns' were each installed on a "kepoys" and were carried slowly on a long circuit about the station and the immediate area accompanied by people singing, clapping hands while depositing gifts on the kepoys frames as they passed...fruit, money, eggs, chickens...all tokens of esteem, appreciation and love for two people who had lived among them, experienced much with them, contributed so much to them and had won their hearts in the process.

Then there was the time not so long ago, when word arrived at Nyanga telling of his death. In Pende culture, the death of a family member triggers the rallying of the clan group around the sorrowing family. Food, drink, and burial gifts are brought. Their presence, their mourning, their gifts all reflect the solidarity and the shared sorrow of the entire group. This observance is called "masaga" (mah-sah-gah). Bapende Christians have continued this cultural tradition but in the case of a believer, the accent at a "masaga" is placed on themes of comfort, hope and the promise of life hereafter, rather than upon mourning and sorrow.

Word had come of Sh'a Yone's death a third of the way around the world. How would, how could the Bapende Christians respond?

One Saturday evening people began to converge on the clay tennis court in front of the house Sh'a Yone had built years before. Word had previously gone out announcing to people in all directions that they were going to observe a masaga for him that night at "his house." In increasing numbers they came carrying stools, chairs, sleeping mats and blankets. As dusk fell in its quick tropical manner, fires winked alive here and there. As more arrived, some from a distance of fifty or more miles, more fires were lit. By the time a rising moon could be seen low in the east through the foliage of mango trees, a night of moving memorial was under way. Presiding over the activities of the night was Rev. Mazemba Pierre, the senior pastor at Nyanga and a contemporary of Frank Enns. Part of the time, grey-haired oldsters reminisced about the early days. Repeatedly the recounting of experiences was interspersed with the singing of hymns, short Biblical passages and spontaneous prayers. It was in the course of this service that a love offering was gathered by the Nyanga Christians to be sent to Sh'a Yone's family in Kansas.

The memorable sequel to this story unfolded on the platform of the Bethel Mennonite Church, Sunday evening, October 19, 1975. It was the weekend of the Fall Meeting of the AIMM Board. Present to share in the board sessions and the service was Mr. Ngulubi Mazemba, son of elderly Pastor Mazemba Pierre.

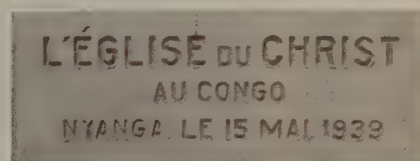
Speaking in the earlier part of the service he traced briefly the life and

impact of the Enns' among them at Nyanga. Then, as he drew his comments to a close, he asked Miss Kathy Enns, to come to the platform.

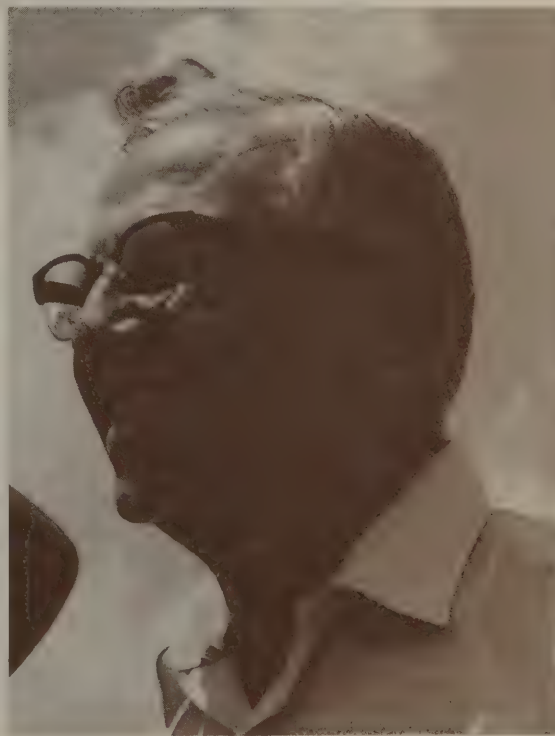
After explaining that he had been delegated by his father and the Nyanga people to present their love offering to the Enns family, Mr. Ngulubi embraced Kathy warmly for a long moment and handed her a cheque.

True, in the course of mission work some mistakes have been made. But there have also been some successes.

For Frank and Agnes Enns there never was a question of missionary moratorium. For others like them, there is not likely to be one for a long while to come, because there will always be a need and welcome for such servants of Christ at the growing edges of His Kingdom.



"...not the imprint "First Mennonite Church-Nyanga" but rather "The Church of Christ of Congo-Nyanga, May 15, 1939."



Yesterday and Tomorrow

The Missionary Role:

*Frank and Agnes Enns in front
of their Nyanga Home in 1952.*



Pastor Mukanza Ilunga

The question of the missionary's place in the third world is at present a great issue which is being discussed by many churchmen in the world. Different deep ideas have already been raised encouraging or discouraging the presence of missionary personnel and the sending of money to the younger churches in the third world. Those who discourage the continuity of missionary work in the third world have finally taken action by the calling for a global and total moratorium on foreign missionary work. Latin America, Asia and Africa seem to be the principal areas from which this call comes.

In consideration of the fact that certain third world churchmen have taken a position for moratorium and are searching for their own identity within their own particular cultural settings and understanding of the Gospel, mission boards are wondering what will be the place and role of missionaries in the third world tomorrow.

Before trying to state the future role of missionaries in Zaire, it may be helpful first to clarify the meaning of missionaries and the reasons which make mission a reality and necessity in the world. What do we really understand about missionaries? Who are missionaries? First, according to Matthew 28:19, missionaries are those who respond positively to the command of Jesus, *"Go then, to all peoples everywhere and make them my disciples."*

Missionaries are Jesus' disciple-makers.

Secondly, missionaries are people who witness to the power that God has released in Jesus Christ, a source of hope for deliverance from the demonic forces that affect human life.

Finally, missionaries are people who show Christian love and live the Christ-life in human society and history.

Now, then, mission is primarily a divine imperative to all those in the world who become God's disciples. Individual Christians and churches both have missionary responsibility. All are called to use their different resources for the sake of helping disadvantaged people. Secondly, mission is not a limited mandate. Its mandate cannot be limited by geographical, ethnic, cultural or other factors.

Unfortunately, in the course of missionary work, human mistakes have been made. In some cases the notion of Christian love, Christian brotherhood and Christian unity was only preached and not practiced. In other cases the Bible was used as an instrument of division; some people were kept in a position of "asking" while others were in a position of leading, deciding and dominating. Because of such mistakes, there are those of the rising generations of the third world who accuse missionaries of Biblical imperialism or of Christian colonialism.

Consequently the Christian world is facing the proposal of a total and global moratorium which means to stop sending missionary personnel and money to the younger churches of the third world. It also implies the departure of all missionaries who are on the fields in overseas churches. This notion of total and global moratorium, in my humble opinion, isn't the only way to resolve the tension between missionaries and local churches. In Christianity it is evident that there is no Biblical support either for the errors committed by missionaries or for the calling for a total moratorium. In fact, both missionary errors and the calling for a global moratorium must be rejected. But a selective and individual moratorium as it has already been practiced by the Zaire Mennonite Church seems acceptable.

It is also remembered that although mistakes have been made, there were those missionaries who really practiced the notion of Christian love and who worked as good witnesses of Christ. One example is Frank J. Enns, well known as "Uncle Frank" or "Sh'a Yone" (meaning "Father of John"). Uncle Frank laid the hard foundations upon which has been built the whole Zaire Mennonite Church. During his 37 years of hard work he served as missionary pastor, teacher, evangelist, school inspector and counsellor. I met Uncle Frank for the first time in a village called Bethlehem which was a famous Protestant post in the area where my father served as an evangelist. I was a little boy at that time but I still remember that Uncle Frank's visit was very helpful to my father and a great Christian witness to the whole region. I later learned to know Uncle Frank better at Nyanga station where I spent six years in teacher training school. During that time Uncle Frank and his wife Agnes (known as "Mama Luhanya") were for me real examples of those who are disciples and witnesses of God in the world. I met Uncle Frank for the third and last time before his death, in the Mukoso region. He was very old but still courageous in evangelization and witnessing. With his bicycle he went from village to village serving God among the people. For a missionary like Uncle Frank, willing to serve His God all the time, the question of "role" or the question of "moratorium" has no importance or meaning.

The question of place and role of missionaries within the Zaire Mennonite Church has been touched upon by my brother Bukungu Mishumbi, the General Treasurer of our church. While attending the AIMM Board meeting in Newton, Kansas he said:

"The missionaries we are looking for must be convinced Christians, sure of their call to mission from God and willing to share their faith. They will need expertise in their fields and the ability and willingness to teach others. Socially, we need missionaries who will relate to and cooperate with their Zairian friends voluntarily, accepting and encouraging the progress of Zairians. They must work joyfully for the advancement of Zairians and not be threatened by it."

From this statement I can say there is a call for a deeper Christian cooperation in exchanging workers between the North American churches and the Zairian churches. This does not mean that the North American churches will remain in the position of only sending; the Zairian churches in the position of only receiving. But rather that there will be a real exchange according to the needs of each part. It is my conviction that our openness to this kind of cooperation is the most convincing way to express our Christian brotherhood and to confirm that each one has need of the other.

Our Mennonite Church in Zaire has a large and varied ministry which includes evangelism, leadership training, Christian education and rural development. For all of this our church needs and will always need helpers and co-workers, both nationals and foreigners, who are willing to use their skills, their time and their lives in proclaiming, teaching, serving and bringing the good news of hope and forgiveness to those who have never heard this message of strength and encouragement.

On February 25 I returned from which
itinerary to visit minus schools and ser-
lasted five weeks we have made for short held
52 places stops were meetings On of
16 other Nine regional 191 to 728. miles bicyc
vices. attendance about 500 made by
withan attendence 100 was made by
itineraary I covered 100 was made by
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January 23 -

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stove - a gasoline barrel.
out of about

January 26 -

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helps me and through bedfast Christ.
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Excerpts from an itinerary diary by Frank J. Enns entitled
 "Chips off the Trip," written in 1942.

January 29 -
I am in a section where our work started only last August. The teacher tells me about a leper, the second person to accept Christ in his village. I go to see him. He is happy in the Lord. Before I leave he sings me a song.

February 2 -
This Sunday morning we gather in the shade of a large tree for our regional meeting. The past few days I have spoken on Luke 14:15-24, the story of the Great Supper. I emphasize that if we allow anything in our lives, and it need not necessarily be wrong, to keep us from accepting Christ we stand condemned by our own actions.

The morning's program included songs by the different schools, phonograph music and general singing. After the service a testimony and prayer and inquirers. Little with the Christians and of 14 years old Lazalo, the crippled boy of a quarter is there. He dragged himself a quarter of a mile on his hands as he cannot walk or stand.

We move on to several other villages, park our Model A and travel to the bush areas by bicycle. February 6 found me back at the village in Botshoke territorial meeting to the one described. I am now meeting to the one described. I am now similar and dinner I leave. 75 miles west of the Tobi River on a 75 mile bicycle trip. About 30 miles of this catches to be made this afternoon yet.

me at about 3:00 pm but I am under shelter in a village. I start out again and at 5:00 pm a real African rainstorm faces the I go on, but am hardly able to see of the road. I am soaked to the soles of my feet. I change clothes and go to the next village.

February 9 -
It is Sunday, the day set for our regional meeting at Tshingila. It rains till almost noon. We just let it rain.

Most of the evenings are wonderful... the sun, moon and stars are my companions. My watch stopped a few days ago and I have land of "approximate hour or even a day is not considered in between my work rather dark To be late an breech of promise here. than the fit meals in my meals. I had thought it should work between me before I get along nicely. overtakes me I get along nicely.

February 25 I returned home to Nyanga, tired, dusty and hungry. It is good to be back with my family and friends.

"Watchman, what of the night?" (Is. 21:11)

What we as a mission do, has much to do with the answer. Let us for the territory seriously united in prayer whole those who do with the Gospel overcomes and we need ing of the deeper experiences and we need and for Christ. We need CONSECRATION accept Christ, but we need CONSECRATION it badly, but we need CONSECRATION

-F.J. Enns
Nyanga 1942

"Chatting With Mbongela . . ."

On December 8, 1975 Mrs. Mukanza Ilunga (Mbongela) arrived from Zaire. She and her two youngest children, Ilunga and Musula came to Elkhart to join their husband and father, Pastor Mukanza Ilunga. Pastor Mukanza is enrolled at the Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries in Elkhart, studying Christian Education and Theology.

When I first met Mbongela, I found a beautiful, charming African woman holding a wriggly, curly-haired baby. She was wearing a heavy, cable-knit sweater which reminded me that she must be feeling the raw wintry day we were experiencing. On her feet were typical Zairian footwear—sandals; and gliding to the floor was her colourful wrap-around skirt, also familiar to Zaire.

Mbongela, what do you think of American so far?

I think it is very, very nice but there is one thing wrong, and that is that it is very cold and I have much suffering because it

is so cold. In Zaire we have MUCH sunshine. When I saw snow here this week it was for the first time in my life. It is cold beyond my imagination.

Tell me about your children, Mbongela.

I have six children. Their names are: Kingambo, age 12 (boy); Kiboba, age 9 (boy), Nambanga, age 7 (girl), Kasedi, age 5 (girl), Ilunga, age 3 (boy) and Musula, age 6 months (girl). My daughter, Kasedi, is staying in Kinshasa with some very close friends. Kingambo, Kiboba and Nambanga are staying in Kikwit with my very own mother. Although I miss them very much and it is human to wonder how they will be, I have confidence that they will be well because they are with good people. I am very happy to have my children. In Zaire, if a wife does not give birth, her husband is very unhappy. When I first found out that I was going to have a baby, I did not cry! Musula, this small girl on my lap, was born one month after my husband left to begin his journey to America.

He left our home in Kikwit in May to go to Kinshasa to get all the papers and documents to come to America. On June 1, Musula was born. My husband saw her only for the first time on Monday night at the airport. He had much happiness.

You said that Ilunga would be celebrating a birthday — How does your family normally do this?

I make a nice meal, usually with meat and we all get to have a whole bottle of Pepsi Cola as a special treat.

What do your children do to amuse themselves when they aren't doing chores or studying their school lessons?

My children don't really have things to play with. They do love to play with their ball. (She described a game similar to soccer.) Sometimes when they can't find a ball to play with, they will play their game with a round fruit. The children also play with bamboo sticks and pretend they are cars or trucks and push them in the sand. Our children do not have a lot of toys or material things to amuse them. We have a very personal, intimate relationship with our children. We play with our babies and children; talk to them and hold them. This is something we cannot buy in the store. We give them ourselves.

When you found out that your husband would be coming to America to study for two years, how did you feel?



My first thought was that it was VERY GOOD. Although, at the time, I did not know that I was going to come, my only thought was that it would be so good for him to advance in his work. My husband finished Theological School in Kinshasa but I still thought that it would be so good for him to be able to better himself as a pastor.

Does this mean that you like the idea of being a pastor's wife?

Oh yes! I very, very much like being a pastor's wife. I stand behind my husband in his work.

Did you always feel this way?

No. At first I had trouble in accepting the fact that my husband wanted to be a pastor because he was already a school teacher. I remember I said: "What!? You are going to study some more and we have to leave our home here?" I didn't understand why a man who was already a teacher, who knew so much, should have to go back to school. I had many doubts and misgivings in my heart. My husband soon began to make me understand by talking to me about it. I soon came to know what was in his heart and to accept his calling to be a pastor.

How did you happen to meet your husband?

When I was fifteen years old, I was attending a girls' school at Ndjoko Punda (formerly called Charlesville) at the time of Independence in 1960. When troubled times came, all the missionaries left and the school was closed. I then began to go to school in Kandala, close to my home village of Mukoso. My father, who was an elder in the church had insisted that I attend a Christian mission school. When I entered the 6th grade, Mukanza was a teacher in the 7th grade! This teacher soon

...We have a very personal relationship with our children. We...talk to them and hold them. We give them ourselves.



began to be my friend and later asked me to be his fiancée. Since I wanted very much to finish my 7th grade, we had a courtship for 1½ years. After I finished my 7th grade we were married in July 1962.

Mbongela, tell me something about your early years.

I grew up in a very Christian home. My father was a very important man in the church. We always had family worship and learned the Word of God in our home. I attended a mission school for girls at Ndjoko Punda through the 5th grade.

When did you become a Christian?

I became a child of God in 1956 when I was 11 years old. I had always heard the Word of God at home and in Sunday School and church. One day these verses found me, and convicted me of the need to become a Christian. I knew in my heart that I wasn't and knew that I should be. I accepted God's gift of salvation; later I was baptized and became a church member.

Are your children Christians?

I feel that they are all believers in God's Word because we have a very Christian home with regular instruction in God's Word. They are very young yet though to know all about living in the Christian way.

Since the President of Zaire removed all religious instruction from our public schools, we have taken our family devotions MUCH more seriously. My husband, Pastor Mukanza, has said that since the schools are not permitted to teach our children about the Christian life then WE MUST do it all the more in our home. It is much better anyway, if we, the parents, teach our children the Bible in our home. We plan our family devotions very well, so that every night we have something special planned for family worship.

I realize that you have only been here in America a short time, but can you tell me what you would like to do and accomplish while you are here?

I wish, first of all, to help my husband as much as I can and give him encouragement in his studies.

My other desire is to be able to understand English. I want so much to be able to talk with American women. I would also like to visit them in their homes and see their kitchens and how they live. I have much hunger to learn to cook on an electric stove. I am used to cooking over an open fire on the ground.

The Mukanza family resides at 3003 Benham Avenue, Apartment #13, Elkhart, Indiana.

Translation by Jenny Bertsche.

Photos by the Elkhart Truth, Elkhart, Indiana.

One Day in a Zairian Household

by Mbongela Mukanza, as told to Sue Barkman

translation by Jenny Bertsche

I get up, first, usually by 5:00 a.m. I quickly go and bathe and then begin to make tea and set out bread.

The rest of the family must be awakened so we can have a little bit of tea by 6:00 a.m. We must eat this early because the children have to walk six hectometers* to attend their classes which start at 7:00 a.m. I usually oversee their dressing and morning preparations. The children do not dawdle or play in the morning because they know they must not be late for classes.

After the children leave for their classes, my husband, Pastor Mukanza goes to his office at the church to do his work. Many people come to seek his help in spiritual matters during the morning.

At noon, the whole family gathers together for our meal. We always eat the mush** and greens for our meal and have a bit of fruit such as an orange, papaya or banana afterward.

We don't often eat meat. If we do eat meat it is no more than twice a week. That which we often eat, is antelope, from the forest or canned sardines and herring, from the town stores. We once tried to raise our own chickens, but because of disease and thieves we do not anymore.

After the noon meal, we clean up and wash the dishes. I usually wash the dishes, and if Kingambo does not have other chores, he will dry the dishes. Kingambo, my oldest son is a reliable boy and does a good job. However, the next son, Kiboba likes to play and dawdle at the job!

When the dishes are all cleaned, we look at our flour supply to be sure there will be plenty for the evening meal. If there is not enough flour, I know I must take our manioc roots to the grinding mill.

Some days of the week, the children go back to school for the afternoon; other days they do not.

If I can, I like to have a little rest after the noon meal since it is often very hot by then. But, if there is extra work to be done I do that. At times I go to the grinding mill to get flour from my manioc roots and to the store in Kikwit to buy bread and other groceries.

On Fridays, I attend a women's meeting at the church. The meeting starts at 2:00 p.m. We have a program of Bible study, prayer and singing. Attendance is taken so that we can call on those who missed in order to pray with them and encourage them. After our meeting we have choir practice for the Sunday service.

My husband usually does visitation and calling in the afternoons or if there is extra work to be done, he goes back to his office.

In the 18th hour (6:00 p.m.) we eat our evening meal. There is not much difference in our noon and evening meals, except that in the evening we linger and have a happy time singing, talking, laughing and celebrating because the day's work is over. This is a very happy time for us all.

The children do their homework right after this meal. If they finish their lessons early, they may play outside until father calls them to gather around for family worship.

In our family we have a definite program which we follow for family worship. One night it is my turn to plan the time; another night it is father's turn; one night we sing Christian hymns; another night we practice our Scripture memory. There is always something planned ahead of time. Each night we try to make it different and interesting so the children will pay attention and understand the truths of God's Word. Since the schools in Zaire are not allowed to teach religion anymore, we have realized that we MUST now take this responsibility more seriously in our home.

Since our day begins very early we are all asleep by the 21st hour (9 p.m.).

*6 hectometers = a little less than ½ mile

**mush: consists of ground manioc root and water

“...God brings us into situations where He knows we’ll profit by them.”

The Lord gave me the privilege of growing up as an MK in India. I knew I wanted to return to serve the Lord in the capacity of mechanical assistance or in the area of teaching other fellows who had an interest in mechanics.

There wasn’t much opportunity to be around vehicles or shops when we were growing up, as our school, Woodstock School, was in the Himalayan Mountains about nine hundred miles north of our parents, and we seldom saw a vehicle. I did get a few chances to observe what was going on in the mission workshop during our vacations.

One situation makes me smile as I think of it. My brothers and I salvaged a little Briggs and Stratton engine which had been replaced by an electric motor on our washing machine when we got electricity. We bolted the motor on an old box top and ran it — constantly adjusting the different screws that seemed to make a difference in the way it ran. We had big plans of putting it on our small bicycle or our wagon but nothing materialized. It was fun though, to take a part off an engine, clean it and put it back on and listen to it start up again. A real accomplishment!

What does all this have to do with what’s happening today? Well, perhaps not a lot, but I believe that God brings us as individuals into situations where He knows we’ll profit by them. What we carry away from those

From Kansas To Kalonda

Gordon Claassen

experiences depends on us and on our attitude.

Some situations can be very annoying or they can be an opportunity to learn things and present a Christlike life at the same time.

All along God was slowly feeding my desire to learn more about how things functioned.

After graduation from high school I returned to the States to attend Grace Bible Institute of Omaha, Nebraska. After completing a year of studies at Grace I transferred to LaTourneau

College in Longview, Texas where I was enrolled in a “Missionary Technology Course” which calls for either a Bible or Missions major with all the elective classes being the technical courses.

I do know, however, that the important part is that one’s life be available to God no matter where the need is. In that context, I thank God for the peace, and anticipation He is giving to me.

I praise God that our life in Jesus is very practical.



Gordon Claassen is the son of Rev. and Mrs. Curt Claassen, former missionaries to India. Gordon will be serving as a missionary mechanic in the CMZA Garage at Kalonda. He is a member of the Swiss Church of Whitewater, Kansas. Gordon left for Zaire on February 21, 1976.



EDITORIAL

MORATORIUM In small letters

The most articulate and vocal advocates of "Moratorium" comes from Africa and Asia. This is not an issue among the Latin American churches, perhaps because their countries went through the process of political liberation more than a hundred years ago. Nevertheless, the position of most churches in the area is unconditional acceptance of missionaries and missionary policies.

Although it might be difficult to accept the total concept of Moratorium, it is necessary to recognize some of the issues that have provoked such a radical demand. It is to the advantage of all concerned to impose a moratorium (with small letters) on those attitudes and practices that hamper the growth and identity of the national church.

In the encounter of cultures represented by the missionaries and nationals, one or the other could emerge as dominant if the two parties were engaged in a struggle for supremacy rather than in an attempt at unity in Christ "so that the world might believe." This purpose is a tremendous force that should make us aware of the aberration of Christians rejecting Christians instead of joining in the effort to reach the unreached.

Some of the attitudes most resented on the mission field are:

- The irrelevance of missionary programs which ignore the basic needs of people and lead them to the simplistic conclusion that once they accept Christ all their problems will be solved.
- The failure of the church to deal with the pressing problems of injustice, inequality, ignorance, hunger and disease that the great majority of believers and potential believers have to face.
- The unilateral decision-making by the missionaries or mission agencies on matters or policy affecting the national church.
- The delaying of the independence of the church or prolonging unduly a parallelism in organization that gives apparent power to the national body but in reality retains it in the mission.
- The differentiation between nationals and missionaries as far as remuneration, living conditions, and educational opportunities are concerned.

No serious missionary agency or missionary can ignore these problems. We have to listen to the national colleagues in order to spot inconsistencies and to ask their help to correct them.

To us, then, moratorium (in small letters) means the constant and sincere effort to evaluate the behavior of missionaries and the practices of missionary agencies in order to avoid being undesirable guests. We want to be accepted as brothers and sisters in Christ in the land the Lord has chosen for us to serve. We must perform this task together as members of the universal church. We should actively seek the guidance of the Holy Spirit and the cooperation of the people in the national churches to help correct mistakes and plan a more dynamic, challenging expression of the Biblical truths.

Hector Valencia



The

AIMM

MESSENGER



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Africa Inter-Mennonite Mission, Inc.



*‘I Have Other
Sheep too . . .’*



In This Issue . . .



In this issue Botswana is featured. New terms and phrases such as, *African Independent Church Movement*, *Independent Churches*, *Botswana*, *Motswana*, and *Setswana* are introduced. New towns and cities such as Gaborone (pro. *hah-bo-ro-ney*), Francistown, Gabane, Palapye and Lobatsi are added to our mission vocabulary. However no matter how you pronounce the city or how strange some of the new terms sound—people are the same. Read a bit about the people and the country in "How To Find Botswana On Your Map of Africa."

Ed and Irene Weaver, AIMM's first missionaries to Botswana, write about their 40 year pilgrimage which started in 1935. We travel with them through the jungles of India, Western Africa and finally end up in Botswana in 1975. The Weavers have a lively, personable way of expressing themselves that makes you feel as though you are sitting in their livingroom sipping tea with them. Join them won't you? It's on page 4.

Harry and Lois Dyck share with us their experiences as "builders" in Botswana. No, not builders of constructions of brick and mortar—but builders of relationships and a new way of family living. Harry and Lois have been in Francistown since November 1975.

We're happy to introduce Norman and Virginia Derstine to you as the newest missionary couple to Botswana. Norman is to be involved in religious radio programming in that country.

There are several changes in this issue which are in "little print" that we would like to call to your attention. We are delighted to add Rev. John Kliwer of Marion, South Dakota to our roster of Board Members as the representative of the Mennonite Brethren Board of Missions/Services. Please note that the AIMM Headquarters has moved. The new address is very similar to the old; it is now *224 West High Street*. Our phone number remains the same. We welcome Miss Linda Short of Archbold, Ohio to the AIMM staff as Office Secretary. She began her duties on June 7. Linda is a member of the EMC/US Conference and comes to us with many gifts and a keen interest in missions.

And finally, be sure to read Jim Bertsche's editorial, entitled, "I Have Other Sheep Too." He explains some of the characteristics of African Independent Churches and points up why AIMM has chosen to respond to their plea for Bible instruction.

—SFB

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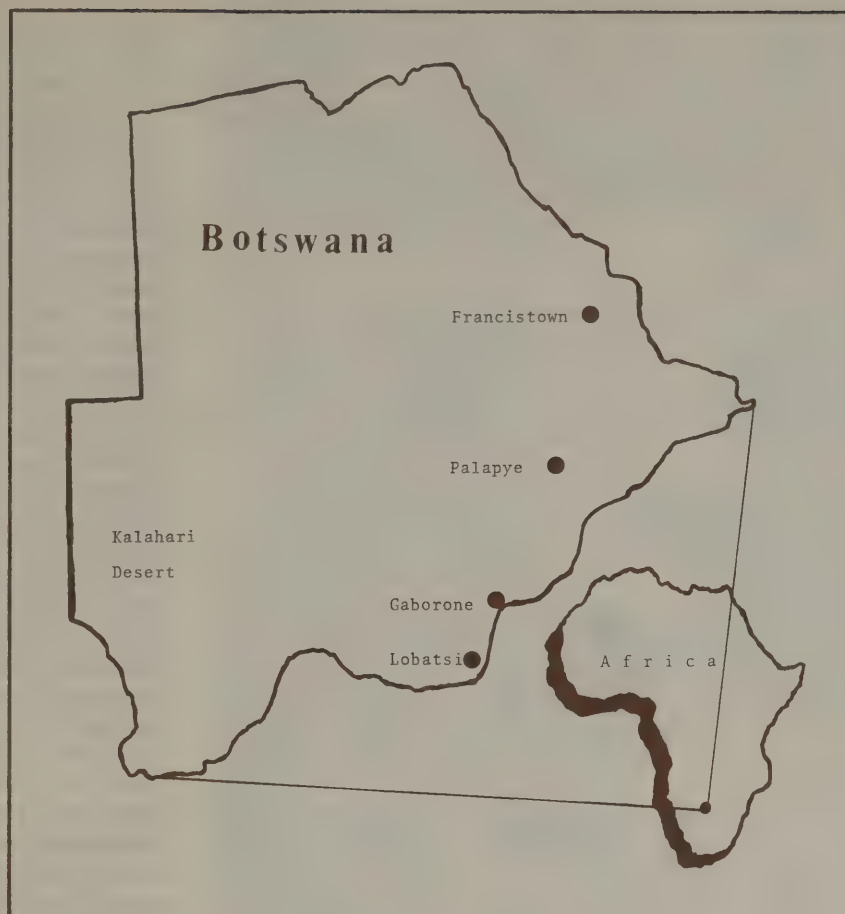
If the map you have is dated before September 1966, it'll not read *Botswana* anywhere, but rather the British Protectorate of *Bechuanaland*. From 1865 to 1966 this country, approximately the size of France, was under British protection and rule. In 1966, Bechuanaland changed its name back to the ancient *Botswana* as it became an independent republic. President Sir Seretse Khama rules his country well as Prime Minister. He is a direct descendant of an early Christian convert, King Khama III The Great. His family has for generations sought to bring peace to their nation.

About one-eighth of the country's area is designated as a game reserve with a wide variety of wild-life present. Botswana is sometimes called "Cradle of the Kalahari." The Desert consists of undulating sandhills, yet with brief stretches of grass and woodlands. There is enough rainfall in parts of the desert to maintain grass and bush cover but surface water is almost entirely lacking. The far north corner, near Angola, boasts the Okavango Swamps. The Okavango River, sometimes dubbed as the "Disappearing River," disappears into the swamps without a trace of its origin.

The climate our Batswana friends live in is generally sub-tropical. They have a dry winter season from May to September, with warm days and cool or cold evenings. Summer is from October to April and is usually hot. However the heat is tempered by prevailing northeasterly breezes and lots of rain since it is the usual rainy season.

What you can read on a map may be interesting information but it is superficial compared to the interesting people found inside its actual borders. When referring to the groups of people living in Botswana, you'll want to call them *Batswana*. But when you want just one person, he or she is a *Motswana*. These people all speak *Setswana* and many of them use English fluently. These are both official languages of the country.

It is true that Botswana has more



cattle than people, with an estimated 1.1 million head of cattle grazing on the bush. The estimated people population is 650,000 with an estimated total 43,000 Christians. This number is a mix of 29,000 Bushmen the oldest known inhabitants; 5,000 Europeans; 500 Hottentots; 526 Asians and some 4,700 mixed nationalities. The rest of the population is divided among eight Bantu tribes. The great majority of the Batswana live in the eastern part of the country.

Early mission work in Botswana was begun by Robert Moffat and was carried on later by his son-in-law David Livingstone. Through the years other missionaries have followed. Historically the work has been carried on

by five major denominational groups. Today the majority of Botswana's believers are members of the some sixty-five African Independent churches.

The Batswana are warm, courteous people who exhibit zeal and enthusiasm for what they do. They take pride in their black leadership and African origins as do the Mennonites of North America take pride in their anabaptist origins. If you were to be walking in a village on the gravel roads, it wouldn't be long before someone invited you in for tea or even for lunch. If you do stay for lunch, there would be some familiar items on the table. More than likely there would be some type of grilled beef and maize meal (corn) which is standard for most homes. Such familiar fare as potatoes, tomatoes, onions and various tropical fruits would be served. Corn grows well in Botswana and is used for many purposes.

Now that you've found Botswana on your map and heard a little about this fascinating country, maybe we can better encourage you to include the new work in Botswana in your daily petitions. Through your prayers you too can be an important part of the ongoing mission emphasis in this country which offers spiritual counsel and Biblical church leadership training to the various African Independent Churches.

How To Find Botswana On Your Map

Sue Barkman



IT'S A long way from the jungles of India to Botswana, this small country which literally cradles the Kalahari Desert. It has taken us forty years to arrive here; forty years of sojourning through many lands, among many peoples. The road has led over rough places and smooth; through hot climates and cold; from jungles in India to the lush palm bush in the rain forests of Eastern Nigeria; from the beautiful seacoast in Ghana to the desert thorn bush in Botswana. There have been mountaintop and valley experiences. It has been great! We have often said that if we were "young" once more we would choose to do it again.

Someone asked us, "But what brought you way down here to Botswana?" The only answer we can give is that this was the next stopover in the pilgrimage God had planned for us. This is where the pillar of cloud seems to be resting now. When God moves this sign we will move on where He leads.

From his boyhood days on the wind-swept plains of Kansas, Ed dreamed of Africa. The books in the

AFTER MANY YEARS, THROUGH MANY LANDS

Ed and Irene Weaver

library of the Mennonite Church near Hesston were few in those days. But there was one book which made a lasting impression on him, *Mary Slessor of Calabar*. Ed never dreamed that someday he would be living only five miles from Mary Slessor's last home in Nigeria.

While Ed dreamed of Africa, I was growing up in India. Almost forty years of my life have been spent there. I feel her people are my people. I was first aware of the "tap on my shoulder" during my first year in boarding school far up in the foothills of the Himalayas. Even today, fifty-eight years later, I feel and experience that "tap" as if it were now. I count that day as the starting point of this pilgrimage for me. I join hands with a multitude of MKs (missionary kids) around the world in thanksgiving for the privilege of growing up in a foreign country.

FROM THE very beginning, India and Africa were clearly projected into our vision. As we strolled the wooded lanes above the dam at Goshen during college years or walked around Biblical Seminary in New York City, we thought, and prayed, and longed for India and Africa. I kept saying, "If we go to Africa that is okay with me because there is no geography with the Lord," but deep down I was thinking of India. Ed was saying, "If we go to India, that is okay with me, because there is no geography with the Lord," but deep down he was thinking Africa.

But first it wasn't India or Africa. We went to Chicago, the place of all places that we didn't want to go! But no other place would have been "just right" for us as a starting point. We needed to learn the importance of working with others, those who differed with us, and those who had been in the work for years and years before us. We needed Chicago! All through those first two years our vision for India and Africa never dimmed. It was a happy day in November 1935 when we arrived in my home village of Dhamtari in India. From the verandah of the bungalow where a welcome reception was planned for us, I could see my girlhood home,

where I had lived with my parents for eighteen years. Seven years had passed since I had left Dhamtari for college. It was great to be back.

For twenty-one exciting years we moved in and out of villages and towns among the people of Chattisgarh. In that time India gained her freedom. The church too was coming to her own. It was right that the church should take the lead. It was a struggle for us as missionaries to relinquish our roles. Those were difficult years for all of us, but the lessons we learned were invaluable. We all grew as we struggled to understand each other. There were the bright spots too, those that sparkle in my memory—the growing strength of the young people, a promise to the church of tomorrow; the uniting experience of the communion services among isolated families or small groups of Christians who lived far from the mother church; the loyalty to Christ seen in the witness of the young people who were working in out-post positions. In 1952 the church became autonomous.

In the closing years of our time in India, the long separations from our children in both time and distance were very difficult for us. We felt it right to take some time out to stay with them in the States. In 1956 we left India. What a traumatic experience that was.

For two and a half years we served the church and school in Hesston, Kansas, enjoying the time with our children. One day a letter came from the Secretary of our Mission Board asking us to consider an appointment in Eastern Nigeria. Where was Nigeria? We really had to go to the map to find out. We couldn't or didn't even talk to each other about it for a few days. If the Board was asking us to take another appointment, why not go back to India? Why go to a new place with a new language, and start all over again? It was Ed who broke the silence. He came to me and said, "Irene I went with you to India for twenty-one years, now you go with me to Africa for twenty years." Can't you just hear him say that? That was in 1959 and this is 1975—still Africa!

How naive can people be! We were totally unprepared for the

situation we found ourselves in when we arrived in Uyo, East Nigeria in 1959. How often we prayed that God would take us back to the States; this didn't seem to be the place for us. The whole thing seemed a big mistake. Our thoughts were about as tangled up as the meshed roots of the mangrove trees along the banks of the Cross River. Desperately we tried to sort out and evaluate our thinking. This was a new world so indescribably different from any we had ever known before.

But we didn't go back to the States. Very quickly, in spite of our initial rebellion, our hearts opened to the people of the small indigenous churches who were reaching out to us to help. Our minds began in a small way to understand their struggle. Our disillusionments and frustrations gradually yielded to a new vision of opportunities. The immensity of challenge which presented itself was far out of proportion to our strength and capabilities. The challenge involved new risks and new approaches. Day after day we thanked God for the twenty-one years of learning in India.

For eight beautiful and exciting years we worked in Nigeria. We could have very happily spent the next twelve years there as well. That would have made the twenty years Ed was thinking of. But then came the Biafran War and suddenly we were evacuated. We couldn't understand. Though our physical involvement abruptly came to an end, we felt then and still feel deeply rooted in the Indigenous churches of Nigeria. Thinking back we say to ourselves, "Teacher? Learner? Who is who?" That was 1967.

ONCE MORE we came back to the States to retire. A duplex in Schowalter Villa in Hesston, Kansas became our home. Ed started a rose garden and worked among the churches of South Central Conference. I was involved in Women's organizations. Would we ever go back? For eight years the question has remained in our minds without an answer. God knew how much we would like to have returned.

The door to return to Nigeria remained closed to us, so after

“I kept saying, ‘If we go to Africa that is okay with me because there is no geography with the Lord,’ but deep down I was thinking of India. Ed was saying, ‘If we go to India, that is okay with me because there is no geography with the Lord,’ but deep down he was thinking of Africa.”

writing the *Uyo Story* we asked, “Could Uyo be a steppingstone to future involvement with Indigenous Churches in other parts of Africa?” The question proved to be prophetic, for two years later we were back in Africa. Having stopped in Sierre Leone, Liberia and the Ivory Coast as we travelled south, we finally centered in Accra, Ghana. While in Accra, we worked mainly with the Indigenous Churches of that city. The churches in Togo and Dahomey also opened doors to us. We had learned the hard way in Nigeria. Those lessons were invaluable to us in Ghana. The experiences of those two years are written in the book *From Kuku Hill*. Many mornings and evenings as we drive to and from Accra to Tema where we lived, we poured out to God our frustrations and longings, our thanksgiving and petitions. The sea just seemed to take it all into her bosom to keep and to ponder. The sea was always there, strong and powerful, deep and wide and constant. What a parable of God’s love. May I never forget.

In 1971 with colleagues in Ghana who would continue to reach out to Indigenous churches, we left once more to retire in our cozy apartment at the Villa. Ed again cultivated his rose garden. As 1972 neared its close we most appreciatively accepted an invitation from the church in India to give them a fraternal visit. The mission board made it possible for us to go. What an experience of love and thanksgiving and fellowship. What beautiful people. Those four months were all too short, but great.

On our return from India we touched down for two weeks at the Villa in Hesston, and then began a short mission for our Eastern Mission Board. This time it was to take us to the southern countries of Africa. I am sure that by now the “Indigenous Church Movement” was written all over our faces. We went to Swaziland, that beautiful little country nestled in all the loveliness of Southern Africa. Again we found the doors of the Indigenous Churches open to us; again they were asked for help in Bible study. Our mission to Swaziland included visits to Lesotho, Botswana, Rhodesia and Natal. Though we did not understand it at the time, our visit to Botswana was not merely coincidental. A growing conviction was that we as a Mennonite Brotherhood should work together unitedly in Southern Africa.

After a brief stop in Accra to try to conclude the writing of the book *From Kuku Hill* we again returned to the States to settle in at the villa. Surely this was it. We were back to stay. Our friends told us that we had had enough involvement. “You’ve done more than your share,” they said. They didn’t understand. When does one’s life commitment end?


Howard and Marlene Habegger were frequently visitors in our home. One day Marlene called from her office and said, “Jim Bertsche, the Executive Secretary of the Africa Inter-Mennonite Mission Board, whom Ed met in Zaire will be with us next week and we would be happy to have you join us for dinner some evening while he is here.” I assured Marlene that we would be

delighted. A few days later Marlene called back to say that the dinner appointment was not working out and wondered if it would be possible for us to have Jim for breakfast on a certain morning. She said that she thought that we should have some time alone with him.

“Something’s up,” I said to Ed. “Why does Marlene think that we should have some time alone with Jim?”

Very calmly Jim told us that his mission was interested in starting a work in Botswana, and wondered if we would consider an appointment under their Board for a brief two years, to help launch the work. It was a warm invitation. It was a beautiful experience. Both of us felt that God was asking us once more to be involved in a new venture. We never have questioned it.

AGAIN ON January 9, 1975 we left our villa home, supported by our church, and a host of friends and colleagues. We were being seconded by our own mission board to the Africa Inter-Mennonite Mission. We have been in Gaborones, Botswana since then. Again we are challenged by the doors of service open to us among the Indigenous Churches of this country.

It has been a long road, and has taken a long time to reach Botswana—forty-two wonderful years. We have seen the hand of God at work in our lives and He has spoken to us through the lives of the people with whom we have worked in India, in Africa and in our own country. A long road? Yes, but it has been great. 

INTER-CHURCH DIALOGUE



GOD IS working among the Independent Churches in Africa; they too are part of the world Christian church. If Africa is to be won for Christ, both the older and the newer churches must come together in a joyful, united witness to the glorious things God is doing.

The message of the Gospel is **Reconciliation**: Man to God and Man to Man. God does not need to be reconciled to man, He already is! To experience reconciliation man must respond in love and obedience to God's love in Christ. But there is still more to reconciliation than this.

Man needs to be reconciled to his fellowmen; Christian to fellow-Christian; older mission churches to the newer indigenous churches; and the indigenous churches to the mission churches.

“The message of the Gospel is a message of reconciliation: MAN to GOD and MAN to MAN.”

Rev. Ed Weaver

Mennonites have been in Botswana for some time, serving in many different kinds of ministries, mainly among the so-called “mission churches.” Recently a few of us have begun to respond to requests coming to us from Independent churches. We feel that this too is a viable mission and an important way to witness to God's message of reconciliation. We have no intention whatsoever of establishing still another denominational church. Rather, we are responding to expressed needs coming from these churches. We will fit into their programs and priorities, wherever and however we have opportunity to do so.

RECENTLY THREE of us arranged for a weekend Bible Institute in Lobatse for leaders of the Independent Churches. Most of the thirty persons attending were lay people already participating in the work of the church, but who were particularly interested in Bible study. So there were Bible study and discussion classes. But there were also classes and discussion on how to study the Bible. The Bible is still a closed book to many, but these people are eager to study and understand God's Word. In Lobatse we began at the grass-roots where the church and people are. One of the features of the experience was not only the grass-roots approach, but the attempt to make it inter-church. We were open for as many Independent Churches as wanted to, to attend. In this objective we were not as successful as we would have liked. There were reasons for our failure that will need to be corrected as we plan for future Bible Institutes in other towns. Inter-Church Dialogue needs to go on. Doors are opening for Inter-Church communication. Reconciliation will follow. Let us believe and pray! Nothing is too hard for God!

Building in Botswana

Not With Brick and Mortar but . . .

BUILDING RELATIONSHIPS

Rev. Harry Dyck



WHEN LOIS and I first accepted the invitation of the AIMM to become part of a Bible-teaching ministry in Francistown, Botswana the understanding was that we would work primarily with the Independent Churches and particularly with their recognized leaders. Since most of these leaders have limited use of the English language, it was impressed upon us that we must become conversant in their native dialect of Setswana. Such being the case, Lois and I allowed ourselves at least five or six months

before becoming heavily involved in the work, especially with teaching. We felt that until we could do more than merely mutter "Dumela Rra" and "Dumela Mma" at passersby, we would not contribute much to our own purpose and probably distract them from theirs. In the meantime relationships could be established as opportunities presented themselves.

With this idea we attached ourselves to our textbooks since there were no language classes in session at the time. We spent time writing

out greetings, memorizing flash-card vocabulary, drilling ourselves on idioms, and generally mimicking others in the market, in the kitchen, in the yard or wherever we had occasion to "chat" with Setswana-speaking people. We received much help from our "tea-times" with the maid or the neighbor's gardener, who must have wearied from the dozens of repetitions we required of him before we could say the words like he did. But the encouragement we sensed for every effort we put forth to learn the vernacular

prompted us to carry on despite our mental fatigue.

But after three months one becomes anxious about establishing relationships with the church leaders. It has become somewhat of a "rub" when the subject is raised and I have to say, "Well, we have not made many contacts yet." To this confession comes the query, "Oh, how come? Are you running into snags up there?" And again I am obliged to admit, "No not particularly, it's just that we are quite far removed from the known Independent Churches and we don't have a car."

"Ah," comes the retort, "But I thought you were going to get a car, didn't you buy it after all?"

"No," I say, "I did not buy what I initially intended, I just bought an MCCer's truck."

"Well if that's the case, you have no excuse not to visit the churches now have you?"

"But I do," I insist. "My vehicle is not licensed yet."

"Not licensed! What are you waiting for? The License Department is just five minutes away?"

And then I throw up my hands and fume, "I don't have a vehicle to drive because it is not licensed, because the license department won't issue me a form, because they have run out of receipts and they won't get them until Friday."

How I long for the days of St. Paul when travel was via shoes and canoes!

HOWEVER, it is not as though we have accomplished nothing and only language study mattered.

Shortly after we arrived in Francis-town, Lois encouraged me to come with her for a walk to the river. We did not quite get there. As we approached her gate, a friendly neighbor invited us in for a get-acquainted tea. The contact was enjoyable and a mutual friendship promptly developed. Common interests like gardens, horses and tennis soon brought us together for more neighborly contacts.

That this was a relationship with some root in it, was evident from the earliest stages when only a week after the first tea this same "Mrs. Sheila" called us on the phone and begged, "Can you come over immediately, Harry? My husband is not home and there is a cobra in the house somewhere. It went into hiding when I ran to close the children's bedroom doors."

I was only too happy to be of help to her, but I suddenly became conscious of the fact that up to this time my most awesome encounter with a reptile had been a harmless garter snake in the meadows of Manitoba. I ran to the nearest neighbor in hopes of enlisting his help but he was not home . . . but he had left the keys in one of his Mercedes. I dared to "steal" it and raced over to the scene of the Cobra. There Sheila was waiting for me, fearful that I in my haste might have come through the backwoods. We stalked through the house and started to kick and poke at the furniture fearful that at any moment this deadly thing would strike out at us from some hidden corner. Finally, after progressing to the living-room in the search, Mrs. Sheila called out, "Harry, here it is, curled up under the bookcase."

In my blissful ignorance, I immediately started concocting strategy by which we might harass the thing out of hiding and with one hefty swing from my club would flatten it. Little did I know tht a spitting cobra literally squirts its

venom at the face of its oppressor and depending where it hits, can cause blindness or poisoning when swallowed—as potentially fatal as a direct bite. Fortunately Sheila knew more about cobras than I did and counseled me to wait until her husband came home. His previous experience with snakes would allow him to cope with this one. When Quinton came back a half hour later, I was suddenly struck by the image we must have given him—the "stolen" Mercedes blocking his driveway, his wife in knee-high boots at the door and this new, supposedly "peaceful," neighbor inside with a club in his hand!

There was soon given, purpose to the picture as we explained the situation. Having determined the need, Quinton found a pitchfork, lifted a shotgun from the gun rack and then started to badger the uninvited guest out of its chamber. With the gun in readiness and the back door open the cobra slithered out of the house. Once clear of the patio, Quinton blasted away at the thing and transformed it into a state as harmless as the aforementioned garter snake.

Later as tea was being served, questions surfaced in everyone's conversation. Who would have thought it? How did it get in? How long had it been in there? Why didn't the cat or dog spy it? Why didn't it strike out at the children? In the course of reflection I offered that God was a power to be reckoned with here. In my view of the whole episode it was God's presence and protection that was to be recognized and acknowledged; there are purposes of God for this household which are not to be curtailed by the venom of snakes. Though we had not delved deeply into our respective religious convictions before, it was encouraging to hear the affirmations to which I had given expression echoed. The discussion following this opener gave me a great lift as I drove home. The lift was not diminished by the fact that I was driving a "Mercedes" nor that it was "stolen." I felt that God was near and His purposes were being worked out by the protection He had given.

That which one may assert so

"It is not so much a matter of my being a missionary with a special vision . . . it is an awareness and response to the fact that I am my brother's brother (or sister's sister) and one of the people God loves and invites to share that love and life with others."

—Lois Dyck

confidently at one potentially tragic situation may, however, not be so boldly affirmed at other times. From a wholly human perspective, the utter absence of either presence or protection may be more apparent.

Almost three months later, when the snake in the house was already history, the phone rang again and this time a hysterical voice cried, "Harry can you come and help? Alan has fallen into the duck pond and we can't revive him."

I raced over to their house, called the hospital to summon a doctor and then jumped into the car with them as they sped through the city streets to the hospital. The doctor arrived just ahead of us and immediately went to work, while we, with hands on the little boy prayed that God would be pleased to spare this much loved child as He had spared him in other dangers.

I prayed as I had never before, believing that God would do the impossible. I knew what his verdict was when the doctor sadly turned around and washed his hands. I was not prepared to give up yet. I prayed on, convinced that God could raise this child as He had raised others. But no response came. We could do nothing but bury our heads in our hands as tears overwhelmed us.

And the questions surfaced again. How could it have happened to him? He was so happy. Why must he be taken from us? We wanted a baby for ten years and after a year-and-a-half he is gone. Why? God protected him from harm on other occasions, why not this time? Where is the evidence of Divine presence and protection in times like this? Those questions cannot be easily laid aside. They are the heartrending cries of loving parents, playmates and neighbors, mystified by the undeniable presence of an unseen hand on one occasion and the wholly unexpected absence of that hand on another occasion. The frailty of mankind as concerns his duration of life in this world jars him out of any superficial security he is prone to depend on in lighter moments. For those who have an awareness of God's love, tragic experiences of life hold promise of hope. God had a purpose but a holy reverence forbids us to try to explain it; we accept His will, believing that as God saw fit to remove this loved little one from our care, He took him directly into His own. This conviction was the parents' comfort in bereavement.


After a late evening the night before, I went back early the next morning to see if I could help the parents in any way. Quinton met me at the door, and upon my entrance he asked, "Harry, will you conduct the funeral for us?"

The request momentarily non-plused me since I had never held a religious service as that and had expected that they would enlist the pastoral assistance of some other more established church in town. I promptly accepted the request and also the followup of, "Could we have the funeral service at your house?"

Having made these initial plans I went with Quinton to make the necessary legal and personal arrangements, not infrequently feeling the pain within us. When Tuesday came and the service was about to begin, no less than thirty people were crowded into our livingroom and many others still outside sharing the heartache by their presence.

WHEN WE think of our brief stay here in Botswana, we cannot give many glowing reports about what we have done. The unexpected relationships have been more dramatic than the planned or intended ones. Nonetheless we are called upon to be faithful in whatever experiences we find ourselves. Such is our purpose.

We are reminded of the accounts in the Gospels where we read that as Jesus was on His way to minister to certain individuals, others on the way sought His help. Jesus gave His complete and unhurried attention. It is in such reading and reflection that the newly appointed missionaries to Francistown find some encouragement. Though there have not been many contacts made, not many sermons preached, not much facility in the language yet, relationships have been established. These relationships show prospects for an enlarging circle of contacts in both white and black communities.

God forbid that we should be indifferent to those "in the way" while traveling along that way to minister to others. 

Building in Botswana

Not Another Institution But

A NEW WAY OF LIFE

Lois Dyck



AFTER HAVING been a time-conscious working mother for the last three years in Goshen/Elkhart, bringing in the family's bread and butter, the first few weeks in Francistown were comparatively quiet and unfulfilling. There are no more afternoon work shifts at the hospital or late evening returns to home where children are asleep and husband is poring over research papers for Seminary classes. Now it

is a matter of getting up with the sun at 6:00 am and doing the housework instead of nursing. Studying language, stomping grasshoppers in the garden, getting children to bed and the dishes washed, reading and then getting into bed myself before the power-generator is shut off at 10:00 pm is part of the Francistown day. Daily life is certainly different and housewifery—for better or for worse—is

the priority.

One of the first obvious adjustments has been to the "night life." Insects, bugs, worms and reptiles of every description seem to find their way into our home. At first every specimen produced a horrified, "Oh look at this awful thing crawling up the wall!" Eight to ten inch hardshelled, finger-thick worms have become rather commonplace as have dung beetles, ticks and

sandworms. One resigns oneself to the fact that some things can be kept out of the house and some things apparently cannot. At times I wish for the environment of Goshen where such crawlers and "spacecraft" are the exception rather than the rule. Our nights are cool and sleep is restful. Six o'clock finds us refreshed and the beautiful sunrise invites us to begin a new day spying on a wide variety of birds at the feeder while breakfast is in the making. After a story from *Little Visits With God* for the children, Harry hastens them to school and I begin my day with some meditational reading. At 7:30 the newly-employed maid arrives to help with the housework, primarily dishwashing, dusting, window cleaning and occasional gardening. On her first day of employment, she was determined to do a thorough and efficient job. She cleaned and dusted Harry's office from floor to ceiling, including his bookshelves which were painstakingly arranged according to the Dewey Decimal System. Totally oblivious to the fact that he had his books filed according to subject, she rearranged them all according to size.

Though it was not my intent to have a maid, the constant requests for employment coupled with my emotional exhaustion from having to decline these hopeful employees, compelled me to reverse my intentions and employ one of the younger

girls. It just seems to be taken for granted that the "white madam" must have a maid. The grapevine is a very effective means of communication here for since employing someone, very few others have come by looking for work. Before the maid leaves, tea and cookies are served and a little bit of practical language is learned.

AFTER THE housework is done, grocery shopping is next on the agenda. Purchases are made in a number of stores. I cross the street to the open markets for my fruit and vegetables. The produce is usually good and prices are reasonable. Bartering is not the custom and the atmosphere is generally congenial. Markets seem to be family affairs in which one member may be selling the products, another munches on the ever-present mealy (corn), another is snoozing and not far removed is the mother nursing her baby. Having made my purchases for the day, I return home, make lunch for the four of us and then as time and fruit is right, plant a seed or two in hopes of growing my own orchard. Success has been minimal since pets, birds, grasshoppers and other such intruders have the run of the place.

Laundry is usually an after sunset chore since that is when I can depend on the power generator to operate. But if and when the generator is turned on during the

day—which could be at a moment's notice—I dash around sorting laundry and filling the "Hoovermatic" and hope that the wash will get done before the power goes off again. The sun is an ever-ready automatic dryer for whatever laundry made it through the cycle.

One of my frustrations since arriving here in Francistown, has been my cooking. At 4000 feet above sea level, finding the right combination for oven heat in keeping with my cookbooks is a constant cause of exasperation. My spice cake flops and my bread-buns leave something to be desired as well. If only my husband could forget about his mother's cooking!

TO BE SURE, the food we eat, the sights we see, the contacts we make, the churches we visit, all necessitate some adjustments. Yet life is not that different that I can't fit into it. The more I get to know the people around me and the cultures they represent the more I am getting to feel at home among them. Consequently I would like to have my being here thought of as a natural way of life. It is not so much a matter of my being a missionary with a special vision for service, as it is an awareness and a response to the fact that I am my brother's brother (or sister's sister) and one of the people God loves and invites to share that love and life with others. 🌍



Dr. Waldo E. Harder
March 3, 1918 – May 28, 1976

AS THIS issue of the MESSENGER was going to press, word was received that Dr. Waldo E. Harder, former missionary under CIM/AIMM, died on May 28, 1976 at the age of 58.

Waldo, his wife Abbie Ann and three children arrived the first time in the former Belgian Congo in October 1952. During their first term, twin sons were born to them. The Harders initially spent three terms in Congo. In 1959 Dr. Harder and his family returned to the States where he was named President of Grace Bible Institute of Omaha, Nebraska. We filled that post with distinction until 1971. At that point the Harders returned to Zaire for one last term. During that final period of service they worked closely with African Church leaders and were deeply involved in the work of the Bible Institute at Kalonda, a pastoral training school of which he was the first director during earlier years of service. As a result of this involvement in pastoral training, many of the present church leaders are men who have sat under his teaching ministry in the past. He is remembered by them with respect and appreciation. After returning home in 1973, they settled in their home community near Newton, Kansas where they remained to the time of his death.

The widow survives with her children, Carolyn Ruth (Mrs. John Voth), David Waldo, Pricilla Ann (Mrs. David Reimer), Paul Edward and Timothy Rudolph.

THAT WAS MY DAY TODAY!

Irene Weaver

WE WERE on our way home from Lobatsi. Our colleague Mr. Tshwene and three young ladies from the Spiritual Healing Church were with us. Boini, Segametsi and Gaopalelwe and we talked about the weekend Bible Institute for church leaders we had just attended. We talked about the Bible classes, the responses, the singing, what we did wrong and what we would do differently another time, our hosts and hostesses, the church building which was made of poles and plastic sheets, cardboard, tin and corrugated iron sheets—and much more.

It was hot and we were all tired and thirsty. Along the roadside we saw three small boys huddled around a pocket (or sack) of oranges. They were sharing the profits of what they had sold and eating some too. They sold two for seven cents. We stopped and bought twelve oranges from them which was their biggest haul for that day.

The conversation in the car turned from the Bible Institute to our own personal relationship to God. "How can you really know that you are saved?" asked one of the girls. "They tell us that if you are saved you have a passport to heaven."

This opened up a deep sharing time for all of us. It was a privilege and a challenge.

We reached home in the cool of the evening tired and dirty. I had just unpacked the last things from the suitcase when there was a knock at the back door, with the familiar, "Hello, anybody home?" It was Dee, one of the VSers who has become a part of our family. She had hitch-hiked in from her place of work to spend Sunday evening and night with us. Dee knew we were tired so she took over the kitchen and served us bowls of hot soup around the coffee table. Bless her!

We were just finishing our soup when Carol and John stopped (more VSers) in on their way to prayer meeting. We discussed John's questions on Paul's statements about the Gifts of the Spirit. Now we were five for the remaining part of our supper. As they left we paused at the gate. It was full moon and even the roosters were crowing.

Once more Ed started for the bedroom and bed only to hear a landrover stop at the gate. It was Brian, our British friend who has opened his heart and home to six homeless boys whose names are on the police list. "I have Joseph in the car," he said, "He is dead drunk. Would you come and pray for him?"

"God," I said in my heart, "Only you can get through to Joseph." I know God was there as three of us laid hands on him and prayed. Once more we closed the gate, almost too tired to enjoy the moon.

AS I LAY in bed wide-eyed thinking of all that had

happened in the last six hours. I thought of my own plans—plans that for days had just not materialized; like writing for the Botswana Issue of the MESSENGER; working on language study; collecting local choruses for the Bible Institute Songbook; planning a family week program for the Women's Fellowship . . . on and on. Yet I felt a deep peace in spite of all the unfinished things.

Five-thirty came all too soon the next morning. With the routine things out of the way; making beds and breakfast, checking the garden, we were just ready to start devotional hour together when there was a knock on the door. It was Jane. "Could I be with you for the first twenty minutes of your Bible study?" she asked. We shared our family verses with her, verses which have become a strength to us. We sang and prayed and Jane left. The last half hour Dee shared in a Bible study with us from Luke 12. We sang together, "Lord Be My Vision."


After the closing hymn I just sat a few minutes. I thought to myself, "God you come to me in so many different people. Keep my light turned on so I can know you in those who come."

By now the sun was high in the sky and the coolness of the morning breeze gave way to the coming noon-tide heat. "I must write now," I thought. I had barely gotten my writing materials together when Mr. Tshwene, our language teacher came, "Dumela Rra, o tsogile jang?" No morning class session starts without tea. So while Mr. Tshwene sipped tea we got ahead with Setswana. We were really making headway when my neighbor came to call on me. It was a first time visit and lasted until nearly 11:00. She is a beautiful soul and I appreciated knowing her better. We will visit often now.

BUT—my writing—my planned program for at least this morning was gone.

There were more people in and out of our home that day, more interruptions and yet by the close of the day when I was ready to turn off the bedlight, I felt happy. So many people had spoken to me and made my day meaningful. I had learned again that the people God sends my way are priorities in my experience. I may not be able to adequately define or analyze each experience, but when I know that God is with me nothing else seems to matter.

I never dreamed of all the things I was to experience in Botswana, but I feel this is where God wants me for just now.

"Thank you God for this day and for each day—whatever it brings." 

Botswana Radio

Norman Derstine

YOU MAY think I'm a stranger to you, but I believe that I have been in many of your homes. I came into your home on the wings of a theme song, "Christ For the World We Sing, The World to Christ We Bring. . . ."

From 1950 to 1961 I was the announcer, program director and associate pastor of the *Mennonite Hour*. That was the time when B. Charles Hostetter was the radio pastor and now in the last six years he has been directing a Bible school training program for some of the Independent Churches in Nigeria. As you may know, the *Mennonite Hour* sponsors programs in Italian, Russian, Spanish, German, Navajo, Japanese, Portuguese plus a variety of English programs including radio and TV spots. I serve presently on the Mass Communications Board and through this channel became aware of the opportunity and challenge in the country of Botswana.

BUT LET'S go back and pick up some other threads of the story that led to our new assignment. When a quartet of college students asked me to be their announcer and to bring a brief meditation on a local station, we never dreamed how God would use these efforts to grow into a very extensive radio-TV ministry in many languages and at this choice would lead me one day to Africa—to the radio work in Botswana.

Really, it all began before that. My parents were deeply dedicated Christians. Conversion at the age of fourteen was a very significant happening. Early in my Christian life I felt the nudge to prepare for the ministry. During my years as a student at Eastern Mennonite College, I not only renewed this dedication, but I found my dear wife


Virginia, who came from a fine Christian home and had made Christ the center of her life. She has stood by me in the two pastorates as the queen of the parsonage and has been deeply loved by the parishioners. One of the congregations was in Virginia and the other one in Illinois.

I am now in my second period of service at Eastern Mennonite College having served altogether for sixteen years. My main responsibility now is serving as Director of Church Relations. I have also taught some Bible Courses.

The challenge that has come for us to assist in religious radio programming in Botswana is very appealing for several reasons. Our philosophy in Mass Communications is to assist mission boards and national churches in developing programs that will meet the needs

of their own people. This means using nationals and the national language.

So the real challenge of this assignment is working with the Botswana Broadcasting Company, the Botswana Council of Churches and the Independent Churches, is to find gifted and dedicated people and help train them in preparing programs that will speak the Christian message.

DEVELOPING NATIONS recognize that the broadcasting media provides the best channel for reaching both the scattered rural people and the urban population for a continent. Therefore, radio is very important in a country like Botswana. With the request from AIMM and other cooperating boards to come and assist in the coordination and development of religious radio, this provides a unique challenge! 



Virginia and Norman Derstine of Harrisonburg, Virginia were recruited by Mennonite Broadcasts, Inc. for a two year term of service in Botswana. They will serve under the appointment of the Africa Inter-Mennonite Mission and will be jointly supported by AIMM and the Mennonite Board of Missions of Elkhart, Indiana. They themselves describe the challenging ministry for which they are being seconded to Radio Botswana.

**P.O. Box MS365
Maseru, Lesotho
Southern Africa**

Rev. & Mrs. Robert Gerhart

**P.O. Box 703
Gaborone, Botswana
Southern Africa**

Rev. & Mrs. Edwin Weaver
Rev. & Mrs. Norman Derstine

**P.O. Box 86
Francistown, Botswana
Southern Africa**

Rev. & Mrs. B. Harry Dyck

**B.P. 4742
Kinshasa, II, Rep. of Zaire**

Rev. & Mrs. Peter Buller

**B.P. 4081
Kinshasa II, Rep. of Zaire**

Mr. & Mrs. Herman Buller
Sandra Bertsche
Mr. & Mrs. Lorin Ensz

**B.P. 205
IMCK Tshikaji
Kananga via Kinshasa,
Rep. of Zaire**

Dr. & Mrs. John Zook

**B.P. 69, Kimpese
Bas Zaire, Rep. of Zaire**

Drs. Walter and Betty Shelly

ON THE FIELD

**B.P. 700
Kananga via Kinshasa
Rep. of Zaire**

Mr. & Mrs. Delbert Dick

**B.P. 1
Tshikapa via Kinshasa
Rep. of Zaire**

Gordon Claassen
Rev. & Mrs. Elmer Dick
LaVerna Dick
Mr. & Mrs. Albert Drudge
Rev. & Mrs. Ben Eidse
Mary Epp
Mr. & Mrs. Arnold Harder
Elda Hiebert
Mr. & Mrs. John Klaassen
Anna V. Liechty
Rev. & Mrs. Rudolph Martens
Betty Quiring
Tina Quiring
Mr. & Mrs. Fremont Regier
Rev. & Mrs. Glenn Rocke
Rev. & Mrs. Earl Roth
Leona Schrag
Lodema Short
Dr. & Mrs. Merle Schwartz

**26 Rue Alphonse Asselberg
1180 Bruxelles, Belgium**

Dr. & Mrs. Dennis Ries

**Rue des Bollandistes 24
1040 Bruxelles, Belgium**

Mr. & Mrs. Rick Derksen

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RFD #5 Box 45
Newton, KS 67114

Rev. and Mrs. Sam Entz
RFD #3
Newton, KS 67114

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"I Have Other Sheep too . . ." [continued]

and artifacts of other religious faiths; they all demand and receive heavy commitment of time and resources from their adherents; they all exhibit great zeal and enthusiasm in their worship, employing freely the song and dance which is so dear to the African heart; they all take pride in their African origins and black leadership. While there are notable exceptions, the great majority of independent church leaders have minimal formal training whether in Bible or secular subjects.

More and more there is a desire on the part of the Independent Church leaders for the opportunity to study God's Word in an ordered manner.

True, many of the traits, practices and teachings of the I.C.'s are strange to us. Indeed, some of them can in no manner be reconciled with Biblical teaching. Furthermore, they are not Mennonites and few, if any have any intention of ever becoming Mennonites.

Why, then, are we moving toward involvement with them?

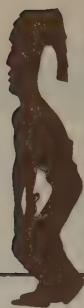
There are at least three compelling reasons. One, sincere requests are coming to AIMM from the IC leaders in Botswana for Bible training. Two, we as newcomers to the Botswana scene, have a freedom to respond to this request that other older, longer established groups in the country do not have. Three, the ancient reminder of Christ Himself still stands. . . .

"I have other sheep too . . . I must bring them also."

—JEB

Archives of the Mennonite Church
1700 S. Main
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Effective June 15, the AIMM Headquarters office will be located at 224 West High Street in Elkhart, Indiana 46514. Our telephone number will be the same as before, 219-294-3711. We welcome any one of you to visit our new offices when you are in the area.



EDITORIAL

He had come—the Christ—the one promised by the prophets. At first, recognition and acceptance came slowly. In his own home town of Nazareth, he'd early encountered a skeptical monologue.

"Is this not the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James . . . And are his sisters not here with us?"

But it was not long after that stand-off in Nazareth that a follower of his said with the fervency of fresh discovery: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God."

In their comprehension, however, he was not only **the** Christ, he was in a special way **their Christ**. For the credentials of his blood line which at first had troubled his home town folk now suddenly became a source of joy and special vindication for his followers. He was of the lineage of David; blood of their blood and flesh of their flesh; a fellow descendant of Abraham.

But it quickly became clear that Jesus didn't fit the mold and traditions of his day. He had an embarrassing way of fraternizing with the wrong people; he had a disturbing habit of challenging the sacred traditions of the fathers. For instance, one day while teaching his followers, he referred to them as the sheep of his fold and cast himself as their shepherd.

So far so good.

Then suddenly, he added: "I have other sheep too . . . I must bring them also."

Other sheep? What other sheep were there beside the chosen ones of Israel?

Gradually and painfully recognition came that Christ was addressing himself not only to the salvation of Israel but to that of other people around them as well, even the uncircumcised ones! Even the Gentiles were to become candidates for the fold of the Shepherd!

It seems that in every generation of the history of the Church there have been "those other sheep" . . . those viewed with suspicion; those who haven't fit the neatly drawn lines of orthodoxy; those whose concerns and views of themselves and of God have not fit well into the traditional patterns.

"Them," Christ said, "I must bring also."

For those of us engaged in Christian mission in Africa today, the African Independent Churches, a term commonly used for lack of a better one, might well be numbered among "those other sheep." Having emerged in many settings under the leadership of a tremendously diverse mix of people, they by this time are found everywhere in black Africa. They are typically viewed as schismatics at best and as non-christian sects at worse. Given their ability to attract church members of other groups, their relations with the historical mission-established churches are usually cool if not strained and hostile.

Although there is wide diversity among them, they share some broad, fundamental grounds. They have all emerged independently of any direct expatriate missionary role; they all reflect clearly an encounter between local African culture and the Christian faith; they all take the local culture and its values and beliefs as a point of departure; they all address themselves to issues that matter a great deal in their daily life of the African and profess solutions for problems with which the African is much concerned on a daily basis; they all incorporate much group participation in their worship services; they all place heavy emphasis upon themes of power, healing, and freedom from the threat of evil supernatural forces; they all borrow freely from the traditions, teachings

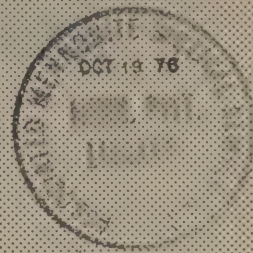
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"I Have Other Sheep Too . . ."

James Bertsche



The **AIMM** MESSENGER



Vol. XLIV No. 1

Fall 1976

Africa Inter-Mennonite Mission, Inc.



S.E.D.A.

A Rural Christian Development Project Using The Bible
As Sourcebook



The

AIMM**MESSENGER**Africa Inter-Mennonite Mission, Inc.
Elkhart, Indiana 46514

Vol. XLIV No. 1 Fall 1976

In This Issue . . .



In this issue S. E. D. A. is featured. S. E. D. A. is the abbreviation for the French, *Service Du Developpement Agricole*. S. E. D. A. is a department of the Communauté Mennonite au Zaïre, otherwise known as CMZA and is directly responsible to the Tshikapa Head Offices. Just telling you what the abbreviation stands for doesn't necessarily tell you what S. E. D. A. is about. I'll let Fremont Regier, former director of S. E. D. A. tell you. His article explains the "whys" and "wherefores" of S. E. D. A. and the concept of Rural Christian Development it holds.

Arnold Harder asks the question, "Development? In a Day's Work?" . We get a clear picture of what might happen in a day's work on the S. E. D. A. compound and are reminded again that the essence of development is little by little; it can't be done all in one day. Rather each day's efforts are another brick laid in the total process.

Ngulubi Mazemba, newly-appointed Director of S. E. D. A. talks with the AIMM MESSENGER about the weekend seminars to rural villages. The local church and S. E. D. A. form a team in an effort to reach the more remote areas, naming their effort "New Life For All" because in and through Christ there is new life for all.

When I saw the manuscript sent to the AIMM MESSENGER from Mashanija Nyanga, laymember of the Nyanga Mennonite Church and farmer, I was pleasantly surprised and delighted to read what he has been accomplishing. Mr. Mashanija is a gifted writer and a man of many talents. He talks about "Loving One Another Through Development".

Grace Harder and Sara Regier, both active in the S. E. D. A. program with their husbands have given us a glimpse into one of their days. I enjoyed hearing about the ingredients that make up a missionary wife, mother and all around person's day — you will too.

Finally, be sure to read Jim Bertsche's editorial, entitled, "Both Soil and Soul". The editorial this issue is divided into three scenes witnessed by the author. He makes a plea for us not to divorce Christian witness from simple human compassion.

— SFB

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DEVELOPMENT

a unique challenge for s.e.d.a.

fremont regier

NOT LONG AGO I stood with a group of village women watching bulldozers ripping through the forest opening the path to set the pylons to carry the high tension cables. Engineers surveying the line were measuring distances with electronic detectors, communicating instructions via two-way radios to workers invisible hundreds of meters into the bush. A heavy repair truck arrived through the already cleared corridor in the forest with welders, air compressors and tools and a helicopter whirled gracefully overhead giving the ground crew support.

What is soon to become the longest and heaviest electricity transmission lines in the world passes only a couple kilometers from our village of Nyanga. One construction engineer told me that the project budgeted to cost \$260 million dollars had already spent over \$600 million. When completed it will bring power from the Inga Hydroelectric installation in lower Zaire to the copper mines in southeastern Zaire.

MANY THEORISTS still herald industrialization as the engine of development. I contemplated this theory as the bulldozers broke out of the forest into newly-planted millet fields. These fields had not been cleared by bulldozers but homemade machetes, axes and short-handled hoes in calloused hands of men and women had done this work! The still standing largest trees were evidence of clearing methods employed. The women there with me fell hysterical as the dozers began to clear the narrow right-of-way through their fields of knee-high millet. They screamed frantically watching the crawler tracks grinding their young plants into the dirt. They threw dirt into the air and wailed in disbelief, "President Mobutu told us to plant more fields. Now look what they're doing! What will we eat next year?"

Several months later I stood in the same spot, again surrounded by angry women. This time we watched the dozers widen the original track through forests and fields to the prescribed 80 meter width. Now the millet plants were tall and headed and beginning to ripen. The harvest was less than two weeks away. The clearing completely wiped out most of those fields. Some of the women tore their clothes reminiscent of Old Testament mourning. Some sobbed loudly;

others just stood there stunned, staring blankly at their ruined fields.

I tried to explain to them what one of the engineers told me. The government was promising compensation payments for fields destroyed. But we all knew this would never happen.

Development? Maybe.

THE S.E.D.A. TEAM members have become increasingly emphatic on the declaration of their dedication to efforts which they define as *Rural Christian Development*. They are not talking only of increased Gross National Product or mere modernization of technology; increased production, raised levels of living or self-reliant economic growth even though they are interested in all of these.

They are concerned in much more. They are deeply aware of the proclamation in Luke 4:18-19.

Rural Christian Development simply means, bringing the good news of new life in Christ to rural people.

"Therefore if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creature . . ." New economic adequacy, new nutritional levels, new health, adult education, new attitudes towards God's creation, increased awareness of oneself, new relationships with God and others with His children in the Christian community. These are part of the good news of new life in Christ.

Rural development is not a uniquely Christian activity. Everybody from OXFAM to OPEC countries attempt it. But Rural Christian Development is unique.

Defining a rural development program as "Christian" is not narrowing the definition but greatly enlarging it. A number of characteristics are distinctively Christian and thus unique to such a program of development. As such they need new emphasis in philosophy and practice, in theory and program where churches get involved in development work. I will mention only two of these characteristics.

The Bible As Sourcebook

I sat once in a S.E.D.A. seminar listening to a nurse from the Nyanga Hospital talking about sanitation and intestinal parasite control. He gave a simple ancient rule. The rule was how people, when going out to relieve themselves, should for health purposes, carry a tool to bury the excrement. He amazed his listeners by telling them that this was a Biblical rule found in Deuteronomy 23:12-14. Talk about practical instructions!

S.E.D.A. people use the Bible to shape their theory, their program, their praxis. All seminars begin with Biblical studies on the particular subject in question. Listen to these simple Biblical development images – seed/fruit, water/bread, fishing/harvesting, teacher/disciple, nets/boats, wells/water, sheep/pasture, springtime/harvest, shepherd/thief.

THE PHILOSOPHY of S.E.D.A. is that man is the steward of God's creation. In cooperation with and honor for Him, man should husband God's creation under the guidance of His Spirit. Proper husbandry in accordance with God's laws increases production and can give God's children more of the fullness of life. Christ spoke of this fullness in John 10:10. The fact of God's involvement in the daily lives of people pervades all our teaching and extension. It is the very interpretation of our rural animation efforts.

The Bible presents Jesus as so closely connected with things like fishing, drawing water, breaking bread, sowing seed, harvesting, shepherding, carpentry — things which are so basic to development and so close to the hearts of rural people.

Christ's examples in trans-cultural experiences, Paul's counsel in ways of identifying with a radically different culture can be strongly development oriented. What does the Biblical goal for community have

"The Philosophy of S.E.D.A. is that man is the steward of God's creation. Proper husbandry in accordance with God's laws increases production and can give God's children more of the fullness of life."



have to say about growth, self-sufficiency, empowerment, independence and inter-dependence, cooperation? What is the Biblical view of overcoming evil, exploitation, injustice?

We try to read the Bible with questions about development in our minds, looking for suggestions, ideas, intimations of Jesus' way of going about this task of development. His ways of training workers, the Biblical approach to conflict, parables and proverbs with development themes.

The first characteristic of SEDA's rural development program then, is God's Word as its base. From it emanates her philosophy.

"Other foundation can no man lay . . ."

Wholistic Approach to Development

A university professor in adult education recently told me that adult educators were increasingly realizing that to build whole education, efforts had to be directors at all of the dimensions of man. He said man is economic, he is social, he is political, man is spiritual. To aim educational efforts at any less than all these dimensions of man is to produce incomplete education. This has been exactly the core of S.E.D.A. development philosophy but it was surprising and encouraging to hear it from another quarter. We believe that frequent past development efforts directed only at economic growth have failed because they were not adequate for the complex task of development. Economic growth is necessary but not sufficient factor for full human development. Some programs initially increased production but were short lived. Or even worse, others brought final resulting conditions of a sadder nature than those existing at the onset of the project because they neglected social, political and spiritual dimensions of man.

Economic wealth, unlimited confidence in science and technology, self-sufficient economic growth, nationalism and ideologies whether liberal, capitalist, socialist, or communist — to the extent that they are considered self-authenticating goals — are all forms of alienation from God. Man's goal is not in himself, nor in nature, nor in history, nor in humanity. Once he begins to think that he *himself* his god, he is alienated from God.

A DEVELOPMENT program that does not point men to Christ is not complete. Christ, and not a better economic life, is the answer to man's deepest needs; Christ as seen in his life, death and resurrection. The rural Christian development worker is an evangelist. The gospel places an emphasis on the priority of decision by faith and we affirm this priority.

"Thanks be to God who in Christ always leads us in triumph and through us spreads the fragrance of the knowledge of Him everywhere."

Partial alienations can slip into our responses to God's call also. Spiritual dualism in the form of a too radical separation between faith and action; between faith and political or economic decisions can be also alienating.

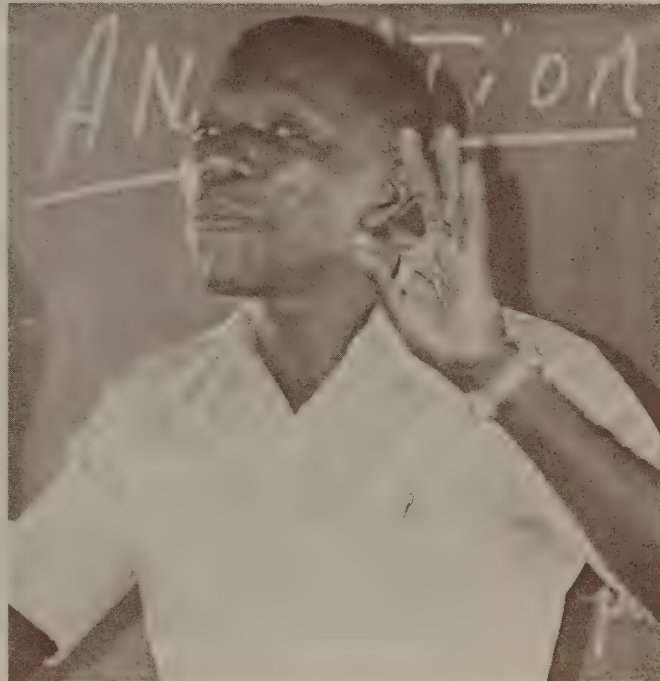
Faith is authentic only to the extent that it involves man in his entirety, both flesh and blood and spiritual; individual, social, political and economic. A man who has been split apart — spirit to one side and matter the other, whose religious faith does not include his physical, corporal, sexual, professional, economic and political existence is an alienated man. He has been sold down the river.

"Religionizing" only a part of life secularizes the rest of it. Dichotomizing pathologizes. Isolating two inter-related parts of a whole from each other — parts that need each other, distorts them both,

S.E.D.A. team members are deeply aware of the proclamation in Luke 4:18-19.

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me. He has appointed me to preach the Good News to the poor. He has sent me to proclaim liberty to the captives and recovery of sight to the blind, to set free the oppressed, to announce that the Lord will save His people."

Luke 4:18-19



DEVELOPMENT



In A Day's Work?

Arnold Harder

HOW CAN ONE ever begin to do development work in a 24 hour period of time? This seems to be the question of many people as they come out for service and have only a few months to a few years for their term of service.

What significance is there in doing your daily work so that the end result will be that someone will have been helped?

We have various posters hanging on our walls here at SEDA speaking to this end. One reads, "Give me bread and I'll eat today; teach me to farm and I'll eat for a lifetime."

Maybe this is the essence of development; we change little by little, socially, physically, spiritually, economically. The total man is not stagnant. Change is always present for better or worse.

In the same sense, what we do in our daily contacts might do much in building brick foundations for later development building. For example, the villagers come to us for an afternoon of talking about any subject which may come up. The rapport which is begun will help in future contracts and confidences.

All in a days work.

When chapel is over for the SEDA team each morning at 7:15, the orders for the day are given out. While we expatriates are not included in the daily tasks around the farm, we seldom find a lack of things to do.

SEDA is involved in many things. It is going out for four days twice a month on the "New Life for All" program; spending a week in the forest training the team to run the sawmill which has arrived here in Zaire for the Church. Or again going by truck to Kikwit for supplies and fuel for SEDA and Nyanga missionaries. This takes two weeks time and involves waiting eight hours for a river crossing.

Our Goal

Our long range goals are to work ourselves out of a job. This, too, is part of the daily work schedule. A typical day may mean that after the regular work orders are given I will give instructions for the preparation of a machine in the garage. If difficulties come up I will need to step in or help out, but for the most part I will explain the way to repair the machine and let our garage mechanics do the work. It could very well mean

that it may take longer to get done, but eventually they will do it by themselves. We all learn by experience. After seeing that the work is proceeding as normal we will have a nine o'clock staff meeting where questions of priorities and planning discussed. Then on to a daily coffee break where, depending on who is at the table, shop talk may be constructed. Many times ideas are born during this informal time of discussion. After the coffee break, I quickly try to get some of the record keeping and controls out of the way. By then it is noon and the girls are asking when I'll be home for dinner.

That takes care of a half day in development. It might be very difficult to know what has been done if we would take only one day as an example. If we have a long range vision and know where we have been and where we are going and possibly where we should be, the half day described may take on different value.

The morning instruction on maintenance may have saved the machine from a serious breakdown in a place where 80% of the machines are badly maintained.

The staff meeting may well have set the stage for a renewal of the extension program so that new life and vitality will be added and people become more encouraged by the efforts of the extension team. Consequently, committing themselves to renewed efforts to produce more for their families, introduce a new practice in cultivation or feed their babies differently with a soya-banana gruel after weaning.

The morning office work made it possible to keep in touch with the economics of the program, pay bills, receive payments, correspond with state-side funding organizations or write for information, parts, news, or answer inquiries.

After a lunch break at noon the afternoon might well be spent in a seminar on garden seeds, mulching, mechanics of a machine or going out into the village to see friends, farmers, or someone who has a problem with their machine, rabbits, or crops. This is the more rewarding work, being out at the front and seeing and meeting the people where they are.

Can development be done in a day? No, but each day's efforts are another brick laid in the total process of development.

**"Give Me Bread and I'll Eat Today;
Teach Me To Farm and I'll Eat For A Lifetime."**

New Life For

An Interview With S.E.D.A

What does the name "New Life For All" mean?

In Christ all things become new as it says in II Corinthians 5:17. When we say "New Life For All" we mean two things. First, new life for all people - eternal life in Christ for all who will accept salvation, liberation and renewal in obedience to the Lordship of Christ. Secondly, new life in Christ means new life for all people. Here we speak of interpersonal relationships in the community of believers, family economics, nutrition, adult education, school books for children, sanitary toilets—the works! New life in Christ means a whole new way of looking at everything; how farmers and their families see God and His created world, how they relate to Him, to each other and to natural resources given to them as God's stewards.



"New life in Christ means a whole new way of looking at everything."

Where does the name "New Life For All" come from?

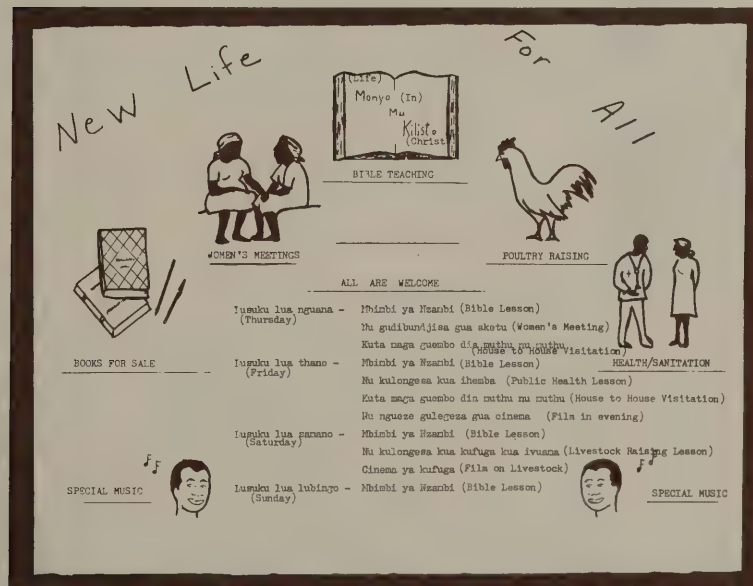
Originally these S.E.D.A.-sponsored seminars were called simply "Weekend Seminars". The name was rather clumsy and uncreative. The people meeting in the Nyanga district Council several years ago chose this phrase as a new name for the seminars after having experimented with them for a while.

All

"In Christ all things become new." II Cor. 5:16

Director Ngulubi Mazemba

What happens during a typical weekend of "New Life For All"?
Preparation activities begin before the weekend actually starts. Rev. Mayambi, Luange and Kambembo decide who will be going from each department on the particular team. They are notified in time to prepare their lessons, or songs. On Wednesday morning the whole team meets in the S.E.D.A. chapel to discuss plans for the trip and pray together. Thursday morning the team travels to the village center where weekend headquarters will be, stopping several villages on the way to hold short meetings and inform people of the weekend activities. One day is usually given to public health, one to women's classes and one to agriculture or small animal husbandry classes. Teachers use flip charts and other visual aids prepared at S.E.D.A. Evening slide sets and film strips on various subjects taught during the day are shown with a small projector operating off the truck battery. Afternoons the team goes to nearby villages for shorter versions of the classes and invites people to come to the larger meetings at the central village. During the course of the weekend, team members visit sick people, folks in mourning, new converts, baptismal candidates and livestock projects and farms. The climax of the weekend is the Sunday morning evangelistic rally where sometimes up to a thousand people attend. After a meal the team returns to Nyanga.



Announcement poster which is distributed prior to "New Life For All" Seminars.

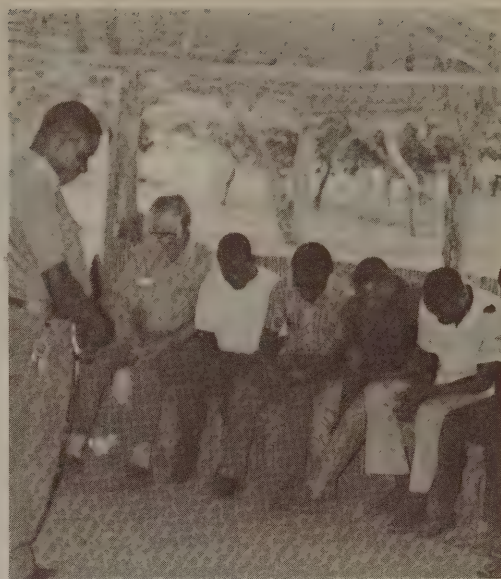
How Often Does the team go out?

We try to go out several times a month during the rainy season, but suspend activities during the couple months of dry season when so many people are gone from home clearing forest fields for next crop season.

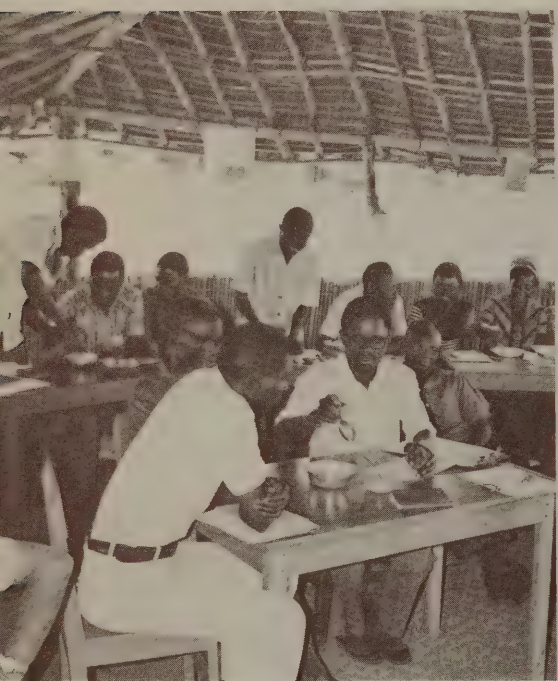
"New Life For All"

Are these agricultural development seminars basically held in rural villages?

Actually, this program is an effort to put together all the resources at the church's disposal in a team effort to bring new life to rural families. S.E.D.A. provides an agricultural animator or extension agent and the pick-up truck for transportation. The Nyanga church provides an evangelist. The hospital sends a public health nurse and the women's groups add a lady to the team. The CMZ bookstore sends a book seller with a trunk of books and a youth folk-singing group completes the team. This is the most exciting thing about the program — the local church can feel that it is their project. It is not S.E.D.A.'s or mine — it is theirs. Our Chef de Poste, Rev. Mayambi and Luange Kikata, a deacon here together with Kambembo, the man in charge of S.E.D.A.'s extension program make out the schedules of where the team will be and when.



"Preparation activities begin before the weekend actually starts. On Wednesday morning the whole team meets to discuss plans for the trip and pray together..."



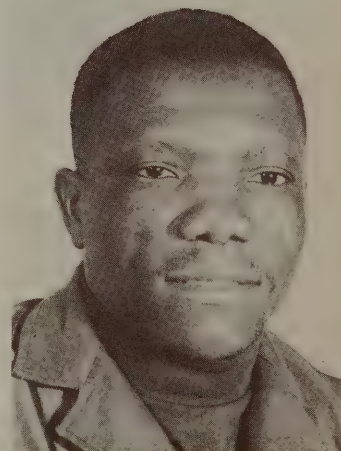
What has been the success of the "New Life For All" seminars? Some results are easier to measure than others. For example, the book seller always sells lots of books. We almost always have good attendance at classes and meetings. We have estimated that over 141,000 people have participated in these seminars since they began in 1973. On each trip from ten to forty people or more, speak to the evangelist after meetings to confess sins and renew relationships with God. On some trips we may have that many original conversions to Christ as well. One of the important results we see is the fact that people in remote villages realize that the church cares. S.E.D.A. is a department of the Mennonite Community of Zaire and as such works out of and is responsible to the central church offices in Tshikapa. The "New Life For All" team represents the church to local villagers. They appreciate tremendously this fact and the exposure to new ideas these seminars bring to them.

"They (the people) appreciate tremendously... the exposure to new ideas these seminars bring to them."

NGULUBI MAZEMBA is a knowledgeable, highly motivated and dedicated Christian man. He is a man whose strong and very relevant faith in Christ helps him relate daily work and experience to life in Christ. His co-workers comment that he works in a very conscious dependence on the Holy Spirit and depends upon frequent prayer in his office with other members of the team.

After many years of preparation and training in the fields of nursing, veterinary medicine, agricultural training and youth work, Mr. Ngulubi joined the S.E.D.A. staff in 1968. In 1973 he became assistant director of S.E.D.A. and in 1975 he was appointed director. In addition to his duties as S.E.D.A. director he is a farmer, deacon in the Nyanga Church and a highly respected community leader. He is a frequently invited speaker on topics ranging from rural Christian Development to livestock raising.

Mr. Ngulubi has been cited as highly qualified for the job as S.E.D.A. Director and in the words of departing director, Fremont Reiger, "... S.E.D.A. is in excellent hands..."



Loving One Another



Through

Development



Mashanija Nyanga

I SUPPOSE THAT every man longs for development to help him raise his level of living and especially that of his family. In terms of development what do we understand by "love one another"? Certainly in loving each other we can help each other by the transfer of knowledge, by counsel, and by sharing proper methods and techniques.

My own livestock project is situated near the S.E.D.A center for development in the Mennonite parish of Nyanga. One day an old man from Malombo named Nyime Kakenge came to visit my farm. He looked around the farm and listened to my story of how I began raising chickens and rabbits. He got pretty serious about this thing and wondered about how many animals one must have to get started. I advised him that it is better to start little, bit by bit, rather than with lots at one time.

The old man regarded me with a lot of curiosity because of all I had just recounted to him. What especially astonished him was how I now had a way of producing meat and eggs and earning an income. I explained to him that all this comes first by a lot of very hard work and by careful, constant management.

He finally decided to also try something himself in the line of livestock raising. He began by building his rabbit hutch and then went in search of a doe for seed stock to put in the new hutch. Two weeks later I went over to his farm to examine his six-month doe and helped him mate her to one of the bucks from

my herd. Thirty days later the doe kindled six young. I explained to him the importance of proper weaning, separating the bucks from the does at proper ages and other management techniques. The next time the doe kindled she had seven babies. In a few months Kakenge sold eight young bucks and selected five does for breeding. He received five dollars each for those first bucks sold. With this money he bought millet grain and salt blocks for his growing herd. Recently he told me that he had already sold a total of \$120.00 worth of rabbits.

This man had earlier been a teacher paid by the state and had invested his meager savings in a planting of coffee trees. But as he grew older he no longer had the physical strength to care for the trees nor had he the money to hire others to do the work for him. The bit of cash he had realized from the sale of coffee over the years he had invested in a small cattle cooperative. He had found it impossible to pay the annual membership fee as the others. Now he joyfully tells me that since starting his rabbit project he has the satisfaction of having cash available to pay his fees and is no longer in debt. Further he is able to pay medical costs for his children and their school fees.

Today Kakenge's rabbit hutches are surrounded by small plots of greens, soybeans, corn and millet to produce feed for his animals. He has also started an egg production unit beginning with four hens and now has twelve hens from which he gets six to

seven eggs a day. You will no longer find this man in the village but rather on his little farm down in the valley near the river where he works full time. He is a content man, happy with his occupation as a small livestock producer. When he gets up in the morning he no longer faces a day of doing nothing, wasting time sitting under a shade tree in the village talking. He has work to do — work that is rewarding psychologically, nutritionally and economically. He feels that all of his life is directed by his dependency upon God in his daily life.

This is one way in which one can help others in their development by counsel, methods, and techniques without furnishing them with large sums of beginning capital. The important thing here is the concept of starting little, learning by doing and becoming proficient at a chosen profession. When one has had the experience he can add to it additional capital to enlarge his project.

MASHANJA NYANGA is the manager of the local marketing cooperative formed in 1971 in the Nyanga area. He is also a member of the Nyanga Mennonite Church and was a school teacher for many years. He has left teaching to give full attention to his rabbits, poultry and grain plots. He is a great philosopher, conversationist, avid reader, very knowledgeable and well informed.

*"Certainly in loving
each other, we can help
each other by the
transfer of knowledge,*

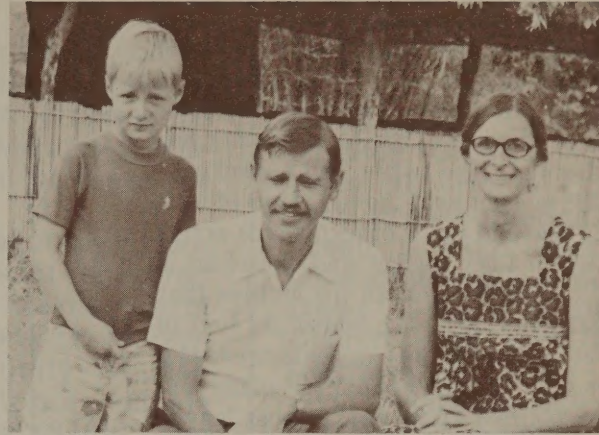


*by counsel and
by sharing proper
methods and
techniques."*

Women of S.E.D.A.

THAT WAS MY DAY TODAY

Sara Regier pictured with husband Fremont and son Nathan.



Sara Regier

AS THE EARLY light of morning streaked into our bedroom window I awoke to the consciousness that this was one of those days that would take all of my organizational ability plus the help of the Holy Spirit to get through it. Breathing a prayer I jumped out of bed and got dressed. Since Fremont puts on the coffee water it doesn't take long to get the bread toasted and the rest of the breakfast on. I always look forward to our breakfast together when we have devotions and talk over the coming day together. After breakfast I quickly sorted the wash before Nathan got up. This way I can spend time with him before he is off to school at 8:00. Kifutshi, Director Ngulubi's wife, has been coming over for a special crash course in being a director's wife these last weeks before we leave. She would be arriving shortly. I was on the SEDA committee which would be starting their business meeting later in the day. In the mean time I would show Kifutshi the details of getting ready for guests.

It was already after 8:00 and my cook had not yet arrived. I started washing the high stack of dishes that had accumulated over the busy weekend. The intuition which I had had for several days suddenly became stronger and then someone came by with the news. "Ngoma's (our cook) boy just died!" Death, one of those frequent visitors comes so often to our community and today we must entertain it again. This little 2-year-old had for almost a year now been losing out against being weaned too early, not getting enough of the right foods, later whooping cough and now the last week measles and finally pneumonia.

Kifutshi came. Stunned we quickly went over a new lesson. "How does one compromise when pressing community duties and SEDA work



Grace Harder pictured with husband Arnold and daughters Kris and Christine.

Grace Harder

AT SIX O'CLOCK this morning the alarm rang reminding me that it is time to get up and make breakfast. As I am preparing breakfast to eat at 6:30 I look out my kitchen window and see women chattering happily as they walk by carrying baskets and water gourds on their heads. By 7:00 the S.E.D.A. workmen have arrived to begin their daily morning chapel service in the grass-roofed building on S.E.D.A. grounds

It isn't long before people are at the door bringing mail or money to be sorted and sent with the plane to any places the pilot will be going today. If the weather is good he will leave fairly early so I get my motor bike and ride up to the hangar with the mail sacks to be sent that day.

Karis, Christine and Nathan Regier are taught their school lessons by Anne Garber. Af-

Sara . . .

conflict?" The sorted wash was thrown back into the hamper. No guest room floors were washed and shortly we were off to the mourning. We crowded in under the improvised shelter at Ngoma's home to join the other women already mourning. In rhythmic fashion the women sing out the age-old question "Why?" as they relate their relationship to this young child. "When I started working at the secondary school this beautiful child was born," sings the grandmother. "In the shadow of SEDA his father has built a new home." "The father had a good paying job at the missionary's home," sing others. The father, uncle and a few other friends arrive with the muslim lined casket and the child is placed into it cushioned on all his clothes that have been gathered up in the house. As I sit in grief with yet another family my ears are tuned to the coming and going of the MAF plane and after about 2 hours I know now I must leave.

When I get home I stoke up the dying coals and cook up a pot of manioc mush. I open a convenience food — canned fish — and add a few hot peppers and heat it up. Our dinner is ready — a dinner that can be stretched to accommodate as many people as may show up in the coming hours to eat. And then the plane arrives. Shortly Ngulubi has our 2 guests at the door and I show them their rooms. Today, like so often, there are two conflicting emotions — sorrow and the joy of visitors — and one can not succumb to either. This is both frustrating and fatiguing. Nathan comes home and he and I eat our dinner together. Then we hear the corege on the way to the cemetery so we go join them. The blistering hot noon day sun only adds to our grief. But there is HOPE. We sing "Up From the Grave He Arose" as we bury yet another child. Could I not have done something to prevent this? Right in my own home.

AFTER SUPPER I decide to stay in the house and put Nathan to bed before going out to the chapel where the committee meetings are being held. This has been a sad, fatiguing and upsetting day for him also and he needs some extra security. I lay down on the sofa, waiting for him to go to sleep. Too late I realize I have dozed off and by now the evening meeting is over. Well, at least I'm awake to put on water for our bedtime cup of tea. The best discussions, joking sharing usually take place over a cup of tea in our living room anyway. So maybe I hadn't missed out on so much after all. It is getting on towards midnight, the pressure in the Coleman lamp is down, someone finally takes that last cookie, and we decide to call it a day.

THIS WAS MY DAY — But it had the components that makes up every day for me here at SEDA — joy, sorrow, visitors, frustration, decisions, fellowship, love, acceptance. Really feeling that I have a unique place to fill.

Grace . . .

ter she has finished her class at the Girls' School and our children have cleaned up and readied the classroom for the day, they do their four hours of school.

A few days ago we received word that guests will be coming tomorrow so I must see that a meal schedule is made out for guests and a place is found for them to sleep. This schedule is made out and sent around to the other missionary "mamas" so each will know when her turn comes to give a meal to the guests. I try to get this done before the children come for their recess and cookie/milk break. This break is also a good time to talk with their teacher over a cup of coffee.

After about a half hour the children again leave for school and will finish about noon. Today we will have a typical African meal of manioc greens, musa mush and a meat sauce. I need to get the meal started and my cook will be able to do the rest. This leaves me free to begin working on the typing and bookkeeping which Ngulubi, the S.E.D.A. Director has brought for me to work on.

The distant roar of the plane motor is soon heard, so I leave whatever I am doing, jump on the motor bike to pick up the mailbags and sack of money. It seems like it's been such a long time since we've gotten any letters from home so we're all eagerly waiting to see what's in the sack.

Later on in the afternoon, on her way back from her fields, a friend Mama Marceline, stops to chat a few minutes giving me *Lumene* on her weekend visit to her village several kilometers away. This is caterpillar season so she leaves a small dish of fresh, crispy fried caterpillars for us to taste.

As most evenings in Zaire, this is another beautiful evening and it seems that just around supertime it's the most beautiful. We bring our supper outdoors and while we eat we can also enjoy the rosy sunset and the beginning sounds of night insects. We chose as a family project last Christmas to build a picnic table for our veranda because we eat outdoors as often as we can. Here we have enjoyed many evenings as a family or with friends watching the day change to night as it does early here or watching the big orange moon come up over the palm trees.

The children have spent most of the afternoon playing outside so by evening they are tired and soon ready for a bath and bedtime. They always enjoy the few relaxing minutes before bedtime having me read to them and now that they've learned to read they take this opportunity to read to me as well.

THANK YOU LORD, for another day of challenges and opportunities. Take my efforts and use them to your Glory.

INTRODUCING

Richard and Marilyn Derksen, studying this past year at Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries, Elkhart, Indiana, were commissioned May 27 by their "koinonia" group at the seminary for service in Zaire with Africa Inter-Mennonite Mission. They left July 1 for Brussels, Belgium for a year of language study before going on to Kalonda.

Richard will work in the Theological Education by Extension (T.E.E.) program and Marilyn will work as a registered nurse. Richard, the son of missionary parents, is a member of the Japan Mennonite Christian Church Conference. Marilyn was baptized in the Northside Community Church (Evangelical Free Church), Elmira, New York. He is a graduate of Wheaton College with a major in religious studies. She graduated from Columbia University in New York City.

The Zaire Mennonite Church eagerly awaits their arrival sometime next year.

Jean Krehbiel, a 1976 graduate of Central State University, Edmond, Oklahoma left for Brussels, Belgium on July 1 for a year of language study before going on to Zaire. Jean will be an instructor at Lycee Miodi (Nyanga Girls' School) thus using her Home Economics skills and knowledge.

Jean is from Deer Creek, Oklahoma and is a member of Deer Creek Mennonite Church. She also attended Northwestern State College, Alva, Oklahoma with a major in Home Economics.

Lycee Miodi impatiently waits for Jean's arrival after language study.

Both Soil and Soul (Continued)

and the soul at the same time."

Three scenes along the same street, the same day, all within a five minutes drive of each other. Scene I: a sincere, intense approach to Christian mission which excludes from consideration the tragedy of daily human experience in the society in which work is carried on. Scene II: a numbed, passive acceptance of what seems inevitable, i.e. to become part of a pernicious migrant labor system as the only apparent solution to their dilemma. Scene III: an astute African observer of Scenes I and II who hurts as he observes and who pleads for a new concept of mission in his country which would address itself not simply to I or II but which would seek to deal with the needs of "both soil and soul" at the same time.

As regards the AIMM, we are sympathetic with the concerns reflected in Scene I. We too affirm the centrality of the spiritual needs of men. We too hold that our first priority must be to confront people wherever we serve with the person and claims of Christ.

But we also believe that we must walk along the streets and into the hiring halls and up the switch back trails to at least attempt to understand and to deal with the full need of the people we seek to reach with the news of redemption and hope through faith in Christ. In our world of mushrooming and horrendous human problems, the divorcing of Christian witness from simple human compassion becomes increasingly grotesque.

In the world of his day, Jesus didn't. How can we?

— JEB

Development — A Unique Challenge (Continued)

sickens them, weakens them. If a man's business is secularized as opposed to his spiritual life which is religionized, then his faith does not effect his business tactics, relationships, attitudes towards his fields and production. This is dangerous!

The traditional African farmer does not need teaching that his faith and his farm are inseparable — he believes it. His belief is shown by the way in which many of his farm operations are linked with worship. Western influence has caused some African farmers, to their great loss, to separate the spiritual from the material in their lives. Their faith becomes a matter of what happens on Sunday, of prayers, Bible and morals. But God is also concerned with such earthly things as seeds and soils. John Woodroffe is credited with saying, "The whole of life without any exception can be an act of worship if a man makes it so." This is basic to rural Christian development philosophy and exciting to see in action in farmers' lives in the Nyanga area.

SOMEONE ONCE ASKED me to speak on how the church could best fulfill her Biblical and social responsibilities. My response was that if social responsibilities are not Biblical, then let's not mess around with them. We have time only for the Biblical responsibilities. But man is integrated, a whole and our Biblical imperative is to minister to him as such. Rural Christian development becomes a reality when those involved in it become convinced that the Gospel can speak to every situation and must embrace the totality of human experience. So the second characteristic of S.E.D.A.'s rural Christian development program that bears mentioning here is that of a wholistic approach to man. Since it is in itself so Biblical, this second characteristic actually comes out of the first.

OUT OF THESE two basic characteristics grow other characteristics, attitudes and expressions. In very conscious dependence upon God and under the guidance of His spirit the S.E.D.A. team is building for the Mennonite Community in Zaire a rural Christian development program to help people realize what new life in Christ can mean.

EDITORIAL



Occasionally we have a day in which fundamental issues are etched for us in stark relief by unplanned, by unforgettable experiences. One such day was mine in June 1975 in an urban center of a small country of Southern Africa.

SCENE I: The living room of a missionary couple just at the outskirts of the town. There is easy conversation over cups of coffee concerning the origins of the mission work in question, their personnel, their concerns and their achievements. Then, as philosophy of mission is probed, the missionary host leans forward over his coffee table and says with firmness and conviction: "We are here to preach the Gospel. We have no time for social services. Our concern is a spiritual ministry."

SCENE II: A hiring hall of a South Africa Gold Mining Company a scant five minutes drive down the street from the living room of Scene I. On long rows of backless benches worn to a glossy sheen by constant use, some 200 males varying in age from 18 to 50 sit hunched in their mohair blankets against the chill of a winter's morning. At a table are seated some clerks armed with forms and rubber stamps. One by one the blanketed move to the table to sign contracts to work in the mines of South Africa. The visitor viewing the scene is courteously allowed to pose a question: "Why is it that you come down from the mountains and sign for months of work away from your families in the heat of the deep mines?" After a moment of impassive silence there comes a reply: "Up in the mountains, there is neither food nor money. Our wives, our children and our aged look to us for help. We must earn money somehow. We don't like the mines; we don't like the separation but we have no choice."

SCENE III: The office of the Bible Society of the same town. Behind the desk sits an African of Broad experience who is equally at home in the saddle of a sure footed mountain pony and in a Bible Society Conference in London. He comments on the cruel lot of his countrymen: lacking the experience and knowledge to feed themselves and their dependents in their mountainous habitat, the able bodied are driving by harsh necessity to abandon families and to seek employment wherever available. In a mood of reverie he continues: "There are those among us in our country who address themselves to our spiritual needs and this is good. But we wish sometimes that there might be those who would come and address themselves both to the problems of the soil

Continued on page 15

Both Soil and Soul
James Bertsche

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